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The Outlook

A·Family·Paper

NEW·SERIES·OF
THE CHRISTIAN·UNION

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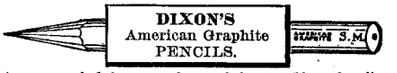

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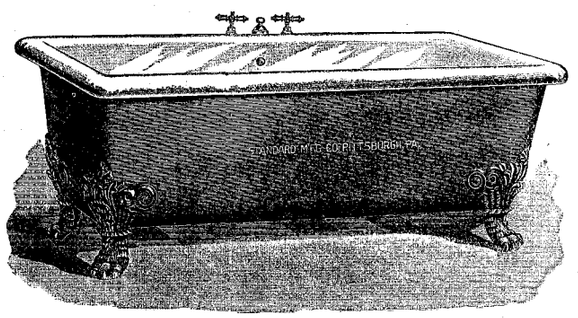

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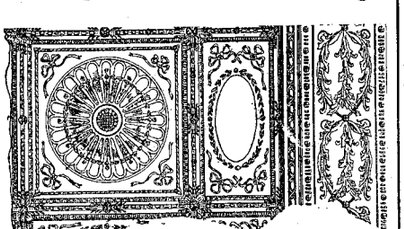

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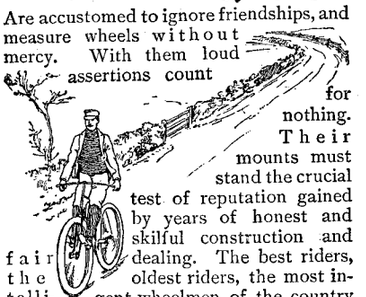

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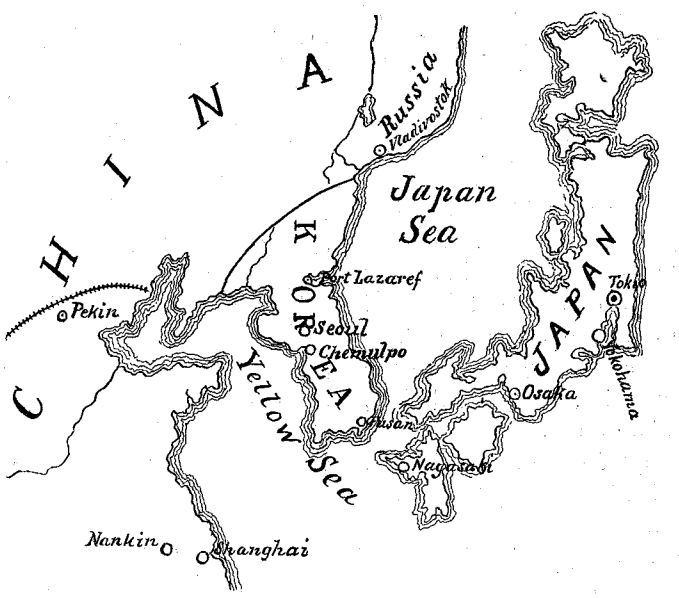
The Outlook

A Family Paper

NEW SERIES OF THE CHRISTIAN UNION

Volume 50 For Week ending 4 August, 1894 Number 5

THE development of Korean complications from a local rebellion into an affair which induced the landing of both Chinese and Japanese troops has been followed by an international situation, one that affects the politics and commerce of the European as well as of the Asiatic Powers. Though war has not yet been formally declared between China and Japan, the reports have been confirmed of the sinking by the Japanese of a Chinese war-ship and two transports which were carrying many soldiers to Korea, as well as the news that, after a brief encounter, the Korean monarch is now the prisoner of the Japanese at Seoul. Japan has also ordered out her army and navy reserves. The motive of these quickly aggressive actions is probably the Government's wish to display great activity and record some striking successes before the general elections, which occur this month. In China this lead has been followed with unwonted celerity; the harbor defenses have been rapidly prepared, and the exportation of grain and rice, together with the receiving or sending of cipher dispatches, has been promptly prohibited. Meanwhile the *pourparlers* for peace, about which so much parade has been made, do not seem to have amounted to much. Japan, indeed, proposed a joint occupation of Korea, with the right to introduce needed reforms, but to this China, naturally, did not agree. However, being at present in partial possession, Japan is proceeding to establish those reforms, and the test of her sincerity will be her alleged willingness to retire on their completion. That will not be until proper schools, telegraphs, and railways have been introduced, the absurd agrarian system abolished, and the rich mines reopened. The fortunes of war may thus mean much for the Mikado's Government, but they may mean more for that of the Flowery Kingdom. In case of the latter's defeat it is not unlikely that civil war might follow, and perhaps result in the overthrowing of the present Mongol dynasty by the full-blooded Chinese of the south.



KOREA, CHINA, AND JAPAN

❀

Turning to other nations, our own part in this imbroglio may become a serious responsibility if it be true, as reported, that our Government granted requests from both China and Japan that, in the absence of their respective Ministers from Tokio and Pekin, our own Ministers should assume custody of their legations' property, and should protect subjects. Great Britain supports our offer of mediation, and urges its acceptance. A touch of humor, however, comes in the judgment of one foreign journal, which solemnly announces that we are coveting territory in East Asia. English sympathy is naturally with China, and the "Standard" says that the Japanese will find it difficult to persuade Europe that they are not the aggressors. Contrariwise, the German papers blame China for trying to keep Korea in barbarism, and, above all, for breaking the Tientsin treaty in not notifying the co-signatory Power that troops had been sent to Korea until they were well on the way. More interesting still are the comments of the Russian papers, especially of the inspired "Novve Vremya," which significantly says that Russia would never permit England to reoccupy Port Hamilton, and that the results of the war will show what measures are necessary to strengthen Russia's political and commercial interests in the East. This last is the real meaning of the whole affair. Russia feels that not only her own commerce, but that of the world, would be enhanced should her Siberian borders include the fine harbor of Port Lazaref. As we go to press it is reported that the Japanese have won a great naval victory, having sunk China's greatest war-ship but one, and two cruisers.

❀

The Anti-Anarchist Bill introduced into the French Chamber of Deputies by M. Guérin, the Minister of Justice, was passed last week by the Deputies by a vote of 268 to 163, and by the Senate by a vote of 205 to 35. The bill is defensible only in accordance with the homely adage that desperate diseases require desperate remedies. Considered with reference to the theories of English and American criminal jurisprudence, it is drastic indeed. But that the disease *is* desperate, and the need urgent and not to be met by any except extreme measures, will be conceded by the civilized world. The law was passed almost, or quite, without amendment. It takes the trial of accused Anarchists out of the hands of the juries, and

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puts it under the control of the "correctional tribunals," which are composed of magistrates appointed by the Government, and presumably less easily affected by popular clamor or fear. The imprisonment of condemned Anarchists is to be solitary confinement; though with certain minor offenses banishment and residence under police supervision is allowed. But the part of the bill which has aroused the greatest contention, and which is thought by many French radicals, who are themselves far from being Anarchists, to seriously threaten the foundations of civil liberty, is the prohibition, under heavy penalties, of the publication by newspapers of any part of the proceedings in any case involving Anarchists. It is argued by the supporters of the bill that the opportunity of making rhetorical speeches from the dock, to be published in hundreds of papers and spread broadcast over the world, is in itself a strong inducement to crime for a man of inflamed mind who craves notoriety. No doubt there is force in this argument. Anarchism is a disease, and cannot be treated like the more ordinary forms of crime. It will be interesting to observe whether the French Government is able, in point of fact, to enforce this press law. It will be remembered that a similar law was passed in New York State with regard to reporting the details of the execution of criminals. It will also be remembered that the law proved an instant and absolute failure in this point, and that the popular disfavor attaching to this portion of the law for some time injured the other part of the law providing for execution by means of electricity. We are inclined to think that the French people, the great majority of whom are perfectly sound at heart, will accept the present bill, at least as a temporary method of dealing effectively with a peculiarly horrible form of crime, and one with which it is extremely difficult to cope.

❀

In the Senate debates last week coal and iron were lost sight of, and all the interest centered in sugar. Senator Vilas, of Wisconsin, who ably defended the President against Senator Gorman's charges of inconsistency and discourtesy, did not attempt to secure free iron or free coal, but instead attacked the protection given to the Sugar Trust in the Senate compromise. Senator Caffery, of Louisiana, who defended his own State against the charge of preventing the fulfillment of Democratic pledges, declared that the most ardent friends of the present sugar schedules came from States where no sugar whatever was raised. The additional duty of one-eighth of a cent a pound on refined sugar (over and above the 40 per cent. duty on all sugar) was not, he said, the demand of the sugar-producers. It is, however, this additional or "differential" duty which keeps surprising the Senate by the number and determination of its defenders. A "flat" duty of 40 per cent. would itself furnish some protection to the sugar-refiners, since 40 per cent. upon the present price of raw sugar is one cent a pound, while 40 per cent. upon the present price of refined sugar is nearly two cents a pound, and it by no means requires two pounds of raw sugar to make one of refined. This protection, however, does not satisfy the Sugar Trust, which demands an additional or "differential" duty on refined sugar, amounting to nearly four per cent. This additional protection is really greater than it appears, for the wages bill in the manufacture of sugar is next to nothing. (In 1880 less than $3,000,000 was paid in wages in the manufacture of sugar and molasses, though the value of the product was $155,000,000.) A fortnight ago the Republicans and Populists, aided by Senators Hill and Irby, would have defeated this additional duty had not Senator Quay broken away from party lines and voted for its continuance. Last week it came still nearer defeat, when the Senate was considering Senator Washburn's proposition that the Senate conferees abandon this differential duty. Here the vote was an exact tie, and the proposition would have been carried had Senator Stewart, of Nevada, voted with his party instead of failing to vote. The tie vote was equivalent to a defeat, and the Senate and the public were left wondering how many more friends the Sugar Trust could command in case of need. The conferences with the House have been resumed, but the outcome is still uncertain.

❀

The sugar investigations for the past fortnight demand attention, not for the testimony elicited, but for the testimony not elicited. The newspaper correspondents who made charges but refused to give their authority are not being prosecuted, and Washington brokers are being called upon one after another, and are refusing with apparent impunity to state what Senators have been speculating in sugar through their offices. The brokers are not to be blamed for refusing to give such evidence, but the court which does not punish for contempt the witnesses refusing to testify, itself deserves the contempt shown it by the witnesses. Senator Allen, of Nebraska, did not put the case too strongly when he wrote as follows in his minority report to the Senate:

"The defiance of our authority by the witnesses Edwards, Shriver, Walker, Chapman, McCartney, the Havemeyers, and Searles, and possibly others, demonstrates to me that if the Senate ever expects to arrive at the truth of any matter under investigation by a committee appointed by it, it must promptly take contumacious witnesses in hand, and deal with them without delay, as they would be dealt with in a court of justice under like circumstances. To turn such witnesses over to the Grand Jury of the District of Columbia for indictment and prosecution, and not require them to be brought before the bar of the Senate to purge themselves of contempt, and, failing to do so, punish them for a refusal, is a practical abdication of the authority of the Senate."

❀

The case against President Debs and other officers of the American Railway Union, which came before the Circuit Court at Chicago last week, was first deferred until September and afterwards transferred on appeal to the Court of Appeals. The grounds upon which this appeal was asked were that the bill asking for the injunction was not properly prepared nor properly supported by affidavits, and that the Court could not take cognizance of the things stated in the bill. The attorneys for Mr. Debs and his associates claimed that only one of the telegrams submitted to the Grand Jury had ever been sent out by them. While granting the appeal, Judge Woods made it clear that the defendants were still bound by the injunctions against interference with inter-State commerce or with the mails. Bail was fixed at $5,000, and given. Some fear is expressed that the prosecution will first be deferred and then abandoned, as happened after the riots in '77. Such an outcome would be little short of a catastrophe. The supremacy of the law requires that those who resorted to violence shall be punished, and it also requires the determination by the highest courts of what the law is respecting the rights of railway labor organizations. To keep the law uncertain is both to prolong its violation and to arm with unjust power those best able to bear the expenses of litigation.

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Professor Bemis, of Chicago University, has had the courage to demand, in an address in one of the Chicago churches, that the railroads must abandon the boycott if they would call upon the Government to prosecute their

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men for employing it. A railroad president who was present in the audience rose and declared that the charge that railroads employed the boycott was false; but Professor Bemis calmly referred him to the refusal of railroad associations to honor the tickets or transport the freight of an offending road. The railroad president then claimed that this was "not a boycott." Professor Bemis did not think it necessary to reply, as it was evident to the audience that this was the very kind of a boycott against which the Inter-State Commerce and Anti-Trust acts were aimed, while no law had been passed aimed at the kind of boycott employed by the men. Professor Bemis, very sensibly, did not indorse the latter boycott, but simply demanded equality before the laws for corporations as well as men. In this demand we most heartily concur.

❀

The National Labor Bureau, under Carroll D. Wright, continues to do excellent work. A special report has just been submitted to the President upon the slums of New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, and Baltimore. The most important results relate to the number of the liquor-saloons, the proportion of the foreign-born, and the extent of illiteracy. In New York City, taken as a whole, there is one saloon for every 200 people; in the slum district investigated, one saloon for every 129 people. In Chicago the figures are almost identical; in Philadelphia and Baltimore the proportions are the same, though in Philadelphia the number of the saloons is but one-fourth as great, owing to the difference in the licensing system. As regards the proportion of the foreign-born, in New York it is 43 per cent. for the city at large, and 63 per cent. for the slum district; in Chicago, almost the same in each case; and in Philadelphia but 26 per cent. for the city at large, and 61 per cent. for the slum district. In Baltimore the proportion of foreign-born is, of course, very much less (as the working people are largely colored), but the disproportion between the slum district and the city at large is the same as elsewhere. As regards illiteracy, the percentage of illiterates for the city at large is 8 in New York, 5 in Chicago, 5 in Philadelphia, and 10 in Baltimore. For the slum districts it is 47 in New York, 25 in Chicago, 37 in Philadelphia, and 20 in Baltimore. The returns for the number of saloons probably exaggerate somewhat the amount of drinking in the slums, inasmuch as the slum districts taken (at least in New York) include a great many stores and factories, and the saloons of every city are thickest in its business quarters. Nevertheless, the existence of one saloon for every twenty-six families indicates how tremendous is the liquor traffic's drain upon the resources of the wretchedly poor. The average saloon in this country yields $500 a year in taxes to the Government, besides what it yields in profits to its owner, in rent to its landlord, and in wages to its bartenders. Yet even this disastrous tax upon the incomes of the very poor probably causes less poverty, not to speak of less suffering, than the loss of earning power to the patrons of the saloons. The entire report calls for thought and action among those who believe that the work of Christ is the elevation of the poor.

❀

The appeals to the members of the Judiciary Committee of the House on behalf of the Senate Anti-Lottery Bill have borne fruit. On Friday the bill was favorably reported by Mr. Case Broderick, of Kansas, and referred to the Committee of the Whole House on the State of the Union. What is now needed for the bill is a few such friends in the House as Senator Hoar proved himself in the Senate. The Tariff Bill had the right of way in the Senate when his watchful support secured action upon it, and the same kind of support may yet secure final action in the House, despite the absorbing interest in the tariff schedules. That the bill should be reported by Mr. Broderick, of Kansas—the State in which the anti-lottery sentiment is the strongest—seems a favorable indication, and we trust that the letters from constituents to other Congressmen may make easy the work of bringing the measure to a vote.

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The Republican State Conventions held in Illinois, Iowa, and Wisconsin last week distinctly receded from the advanced position in favor of silver taken by the Vermont, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Kansas, and California Conventions a month ago. The Illinois Convention simply declared itsel in favor of "bimetallism," with all dollars interchangeable. The Iowa Convention favored "the largest possible use of silver as money that is consistent with the present maintenance of equal values of all dollars in circulation," while the Wisconsin Convention indorsed the use of silver as currency "to the extent only that it can be circulated on a parity with gold." It is true that the Iowa declaration is not inconsistent with a belief in free coinage, for every free-coinage advocate claims that silver dollars would continue to be worth as much as gold dollars if the free-coinage act gave them the same interest-bearing and debt-paying powers. Nevertheless, the Iowa platform, as well as those of Illinois and Wisconsin, is one upon which the most extreme opponent of silver might consistently stand. The same might be said of the platform adopted by the Minnesota Republicans a fortnight before. That document expressed the belief that "the restoration of silver as ultimate money to the currency of the country is absolutely necessary for the business prosperity," but merely recommended "the use" of both metals, "maintaining the substantial parity of value of every dollar in circulation with that of every other dollar." Surely no one in any party could object to this programme.

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Turning to other issues, it is notable that no one of these Republican Conventions condemned the income tax. The Minnesota and Wisconsin Conventions showed a good deal of concern about the labor question, but the resolutions adopted were alike flattering to laborers and capitalists, and will count for nothing. And no one of them—not even the Iowa Convention—so much as mentioned the temperance question. With the exception of a few subordinate points, any Eastern Democratic Convention might have adopted any one of these Republican platforms if the tariff planks were omitted. It seems, therefore, that the tariff issue will again be the only one presented to the people by the two great parties. If so, the apathy which distinguished the campaign of '92 bids fair to be exceeded this year. Indeed, the campaign thus far develops no excitement outside of the States where the third party is an important factor. It is exciting in Alabama, where the "Jeffersonian Democrats" have united with the Populists; in South Carolina, where the "Reformers" are Populists under another name; in Virginia, where the Populists and Prohibitionists propose to join forces. It is also somewhat exciting in Minnesota and Nebraska and several States in the far West where the fusion of Democrats and Populists is possible, if not probable. But east of the Mississippi River and north of the Ohio there is thus far no excitement manifested anywhere. In this great district Republican gains are everywhere expected, but it is doubtful if they will be great

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enough to give the Republicans control of the next Congress. It is especially in the Congressional elections that the Democrats and Populists of the West are uniting, and the fusion victories expected there, added to the practical disappearance of the Republican party in the South, make revolutionary changes necessary in the East before the Republicans can again control the lower House.

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The "Wine and Spirit Gazette" predicts that Monsignor Satolli's decision against liquor-selling will "fall flat." Just how flat it has fallen upon the liquor traffic is best evidenced by the tempest it stirs up in the still of the "Gazette." "There are indications," says that journal, "of a concerted action in the attack by the Roman Catholic Church on the liquor traffic. Cardinal Manning has publicly announced: 'If we could make the English workman a total abstainer, we could settle the most serious of the social problems that confront us.' Father Murphy, of Montreal, is responsible for the statement that 'the 2,000,000 men out of employment in the United States spent $100,000,000 in strong drink last year. Had that money been properly invested, there would be less destitution and suffering now in the homes of the non-employed.' Considered in conjunction with the position taken by Monsignor Satolli, the Papal Delegate in this country, it would appear the Roman Catholic Church is bent on a crusade against the trade. . . . Fully two-thirds, if not more, of the retail liquor-dealers of the country are Roman Catholics. Some of these are liberal contributors to Church funds. . . . Neither Archbishop Corrigan nor a majority of the bishops will dare to enforce this edict. Its enforcement means war with an important element in the ranks of the adherents of the Church." Elsewhere on its editorial page it repeats this defiance:

> "We voice the sentiments of a large majority of the liquor-dealers of this city and Brooklyn in saying: We dare Archbishop Corrigan to enforce in letter and spirit the decree against the liquor traffic just issued by Monsignor Satolli, the Papal Delegate. Let the Archbishop do it and watch the consequences."

Such a reception is proof at once of the righteous courage shown by the decree, and of the force with which it falls upon the traffic against which it was aimed. Archbishop Corrigan has written an unexpectedly spirited reply to the challenge of the editor of the "Gazette." He says that he loyally accepts "the principles laid down by Monsignor Satolli, both in their spirit and to the letter." He characteristically distinguishes, however, between "the acceptance of the principles" and "the blind application of them." But if the conservative Archbishop of New York feels bound to go so far as this, the effect of the decision upon the clergy in sympathy with it will be of far-reaching importance.

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The New York Commissioners of Police have convicted and discharged from the force Captain Doherty and two of his "ward-men," on charges growing out of the Lexow investigation, and they propose to proceed at once to the trial of other accused men. This is well, so far as it goes; but it is significant that all this promptness and vigor on the part of the Commissioners is regarded by the public as evidence of profound political fright on the part of Tammany. If it be true, as the Lexow Committee's evidence indicates, that captaincies and patrolmen's places are bought and sold, and that the police blackmail on vice is carried on to replace the purchase-money, together with a profit, then the conviction of this or that particular officer is a mere sham, and leaves the system as rotten as before. The Commissioners themselves still remain under a heavy cloud of suspicion; and this suspicion was even increased by Doherty's testimony that he had reported orally to Commissioner Martin that sergeants were allowing the keeper of a notorious house to regularly bail out her inmates as arrested, but that the Commissioners took no action. Perhaps nothing hurt Doherty so much in this trial as his own assertion that he had gone into Wall Street with $200, and turned it into $22,000 in five months. We advise the next police official who finds himself cornered and asked to explain the origin of his wealth, acquired out of a salary and while his expenditures were large, to concoct some more plausible tale. The general verdict on these trials is that they must not be allowed to interfere with the completing of the Lexow Committee's work, and that they must not stand in the place of a thorough and radical reform of New York's police department from top to bottom. The feeling is growing that such a reform can be won only at the polls.

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A recent memorandum prepared by Mr. Eugene Chamberlain, of the Bureau of Navigation, and summarized by the New York "Evening Post," illustrates the sharp contrast between American and foreign methods of taxation. The Cunard Company, with assets valued at $9,700,000, is taxed in England only $13,793 a year. The North German Lloyd Company, with assets of $15,800,000, is taxed in Germany only $15,620. Over against this, the little fleet of sailing-vessels at Portland, Maine, is assessed for taxation at $910,000, and pays more than the Cunard Company; while the fleet at Gloucester, Massachusetts, is assessed at $1,422,000 and taxed $22,465, or more than the North German Lloyd Company. The tonnage of the Portland fleet is but one-half that of the Cunarders, and that of the Gloucester fleet but one-seventh that of the German Lloyds. The difference comes from the fact that American commonwealths tax shipping companies on their property, while foreign countries tax them only on their incomes. This difference in taxation in no way accounts for the decline of our shipping interests. That decline has been most marked in our foreign shipping, and our foreign shipping (in New York at least) is not taxed at all. The decline of our shipping interests has been chiefly due to our tariff regulations, which prohibit an American entry to foreign-built ships, and tax iron so heavily as to give England the same pre-eminence in ship-building to-day that we had when ships were built of wood. The State taxes on shipping engaged in domestic commerce are no heavier than our taxes on other forms of property, and their contrast with the taxes imposed abroad simply shows how much further we have gone than foreign nations in placing taxes on the shoulders best able to bear them. It is true that our National Government taxes the propertied classes less than do the National Governments abroad, but this does not offset the far heavier burdens imposed on these classes by our State Governments.

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In the July "Forum" Mrs. Martha F. Crow, of Chicago University, presents a spirited summary of the answers of women graduates of co-educational colleges to the question: "Will the co-educated co-educate their children?" The question was submitted to all married members of the Association of Collegiate Alumnæ Association who graduated before 1875. Of these there were 180, and "the prayer for answer by return mail was responded to by 133," indicating an uncommon interest in the question. One hundred and nine of the answers were unreservedly in favor of co-education, twenty reservedly so, three

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strongly in favor of separate schools, and one undecided. Either the letters were remarkably well written, or Mrs. Crow has a genius for editing. The following are a few of the replies given:

"The association [of young men and women] is intellectually an inspiration, socially a benefit, and morally a restraint."

"It is in the interest of women's advancement that men should learn increasingly to respect her intellect, and also that she herself should discover that she has an intellect that can cope with man's without disparagement."

"The constant association tends to lessen rather than create the desire for each other's society."

"It leads to a broader sympathy, a truer understanding between men and women; and it tends to banish that consciousness of sex which is inimical to purity of mind."

The letter of one of the few in favor of separate education is quoted by Mrs. Crow almost entire. In brief, it says:

"I think a course in a co-educational college is less protected and agreeable socially for a girl than a course in a girls' college. I do not think I should send my daughter to a co-educational institution unless she could live at home at the same time."

The subject of co-educational marriages is frequently touched upon in the correspondence. "Sixteen," says Mrs. Crow, "mention the fact that they have united in marriage with a college mate, and the exclamation has usually a note of jubilancy unmistakably spontaneous."

The Solidarity of Society

There is something far better than the "solidarity of labor;" it is the solidarity of society.

The "brotherhood of man" has almost become cant; but there is no phrase to substitute as its equivalent. And it is certain that the twofold object of Jesus Christ was to reveal the Fatherhood of God, and so to establish the brotherhood of man. Brotherhood does not mean that all men are equal in ability or have equal possessions. It does not even necessarily mean equal privileges; for there is brotherhood as genuine in English households, where the law of primogeniture prevails, as in American households, where it does not. But brotherhood does mean a common affection and a common interest; a sincere desire for each other's welfare; such a fellowship that one would be self-disgraced if he enriched himself by another's poverty or served himself to another's disadvantage. It means, to use the Scripture phraseology, being kindly affectioned to one another; in honor preferring one another. It means, to use a modern phrase now too narrowly applied, An injury to one is an injury to all.

Where there are classes there cannot be this brotherhood. Caste and brotherhood are mutually exclusive; brotherhoods there may be, but not one brotherhood. There will always be individual distinctions: but if these individual distinctions become class distinctions; if the rich become a caste and the poor another caste, the capitalists a caste and the laborers another caste; if they dwell in different parts of the town, ride in different conveyances, belong to different churches, join in different clubs, form mutually exclusive social organizations, talk in practically different vernaculars—in short, live different lives, never really intermingling—there is no true brotherhood. It is not thus that true brothers live. They are members of one household, and bound together by that love which is the bond of perfectness. True brotherhood there could not be in the South while slavery continued; true brotherhood there cannot be in India while caste continues; nor in Europe while the spirit of feudalism remains in the structure of European society; nor in the United States if the people are to be organized in two separate classes as capitalists and laborers.

Nor is the community made a true brotherhood because men can pass from one class to the other; because the freight-handler may become a railroad president, and the grandson of a railroad president may become a freight-handler. This prevents hereditary classes, but it does not prevent classes; it makes it easier to obliterate class distinctions, but it does not itself obliterate them. It is true that we have no "submerged tenth" in the United States. It is true that the ambitious workingman hopes that he, or certainly his son, may become an employer; and he has some basis for his hope. We travel, not in different cars, but in different compartments, and the door between them is unlocked. Democracy develops ambition; but love, not ambition, is the secret of brotherhood.

Whatever keeps the spirit of caste alive is the enemy of brotherhood; and the "solidarity of labor" keeps the spirit of caste alive. It calls on the laborer to isolate himself from the employer that he may join other laborers in a league, offensive and defensive, against capitalists. It is the motto of a class. It is a relic of European feudalism. It does not consist with American democracy. The end to be kept steadily in view by all Christian teachers and statesmen is the abolition of class and the solidarity of society; and that is not possible contemporaneously with the solidarity of labor. The object of American democracy should be, not to crystallize society into separate classes, but to keep it fluid, to promote the intermingling of classes, and so, eventually, the abrogation of all class distinctions. There will always be scholarly and unscholarly men, but there need not be scholarly and unscholarly classes; and there will not be if we maintain a public-school system which enables the intellectually ambitious and competent to become scholars. There will always be rich and poor men, but these need not be organized into classes; and will not be if government refuses special privileges, and gives equal advantages to thrift and enterprise wherever they appear. There will always be capitalists and laborers, but these need not become classes arrayed against each other; and will not be if property is so distributed that the laborer may easily become a property-owner, and the property-owner must make ownership and industry partners if he would have his ownership safe and profitable.

And this, more than most persons imagine, is the case in the United States. It is said that the owners of the Pennsylvania Railroad outnumber its employees. It may be, and probably is, true that a large proportion of the valuable property is owned by a comparatively small number of stockholders; but the fact remains that corporations, so much maligned, are a contrivance of modern democracy for enabling many small property-holders to unite in owning one great property. It suggests a time when the workingmen will themselves be the capitalists; when, without any wrench, any revolution—simply by thrift, industry, economy, and practical wisdom—they will become their own employers. The trainmen will be the stockholders. All that is necessary to this end is an extension of that natural process which has already reduced interest—that is, the returns of mere capital—to four or five per cent.; an end to industrial partnerships between capitalists and governments—Federal, State, municipal; the abrogation of all special privileges to any class; a dismissal by workingmen from the post of self-constituted leaders of those who are not workingmen but talking-men; the reconstruction of their labor organizations so that they will become not

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warlike but industrial organizations, formed not to fight capital, nor even to wrest higher wages from employers, but to enable the laborers to become capitalists, and therefore their own employers—which last consummation is not at all impossible, but, on the contrary, is quite within sight. Its realization needs only a wise use of present instruments and a diligent development of thrift, enterprise, and intelligence.

Caste dies hard. The only considerable relic left of it in the United States is this class division into capitalists and workingmen. It is as foreign to the spirit of American democracy as it is to that of Christian brotherhood. The only radical remedy for labor difficulties is in the abolition of this caste distinction. Workingmen should make it their ambition, not to get the better of capitalists, but themselves to become capitalists. The solidarity of labor must give place to the solidarity of society.

Wanted—National Men

Senator Gordon struck a great keynote when he lately said that he had no views on the strike as a Southerner, but that he had very definite opinions as an American citizen. One of the disadvantages under which this country rests, and one of its serious perils, is the absence of unity of sentiment and the presence of a disintegration of National feeling by class and sectional influences. It is high time to stop talking about Southern opinion, Western opinion, and Eastern opinion. It is high time to consult National opinion. Burke uttered no more profound truth than that contained in his famous statement that, while a politician may have very clear and intelligent views of the needs of sections and classes, it is characteristic of a statesman to conceive of the life of the country as an organic whole, and to treat public questions in the light of that conception. This is the supreme mark of statesmanship; and it is one of the disquieting reflections of to-day that, judged by this standard, we are singularly lacking in statesmen. There are many able men in public life, but the National men can be counted on the fingers of one hand. There are men who know thoroughly what the East wants, what the South wants, and what the West wants; there are men who understand the opinion of each of these sections, their interests, occupations, and ways of looking at things. What the country needs is the man who can conceive of its life as a whole, and who, looking below the differences of sections and interests and occupations, can feel the pulsation of that life, and treat all questions in the light of that supreme political knowledge.

A very keen and able man, who has been thrown into constant contact with the leading members of Congress during the past winter in connection with the tariff discussion, recently said to the writer that he had met but two or three men, either in the Senate or the House, who looked at the tariff question from the National point of view, or from the point of view of economic principles. Each man was trying to serve the interests of his locality, or to strengthen himself with his own constituency. With two or three exceptions, neither Senators nor Representatives seemed to rise above these dividing lines and look at the tariff question as it affected the Nation and as representing economic principles. It is true that there is in all tariff legislation a selfish struggle of interests, and there can be very little else. In the nature of things, the commercial interests of the country cannot depend upon legislative action without the introduction of a most unwholesome and corrupting element in public life. In the nature of things, also, such a system cannot be handled without exposing the men who manage it to a great temptation to adapt it rather to political ends than to economic ends. The tariff, as perhaps the foremost man now associated with it in this country said a year ago, is much more a matter of politics than of economics. But the greater the temptation to consult local interests and to look at matters from the local point of view, the greater the need of that statesmanship which lifts a man above these interests and puts him at an elevation where he sees, not the East, nor the West, nor the South, but the whole continent.

In England, by reason of the concentration of political, intellectual, and social life at the capital, everything is focused, and a man must get the national point of view unless he is peculiarly unsensitive to the atmosphere about him. Moreover, the world-wide relations of the British Empire train men to broad and general ways of looking at things; for an English Ministry is compelled constantly to deal with questions of all kinds affecting every quarter of the globe. In this country, on the other hand, by reason of physical and climatic conditions, everything tends to diffusion. Instead of one center there are many centers, and there is a constant tendency to exalt the section at the expense of the country, and to place the local interest above the general interest. For months past there has been talk of a new sectionalism between the East and the West, and many unwise things have been said on both sides. The West is often ill informed about the best Eastern opinion, and the East is singularly, and at times criminally, ignorant of the best Western opinion. There is an immense amount of political provincialism among Eastern people who are otherwise intelligent. They know nothing of the state of things in Kansas except the information which they get from the daily press, that persistent disseminator of prejudices and misinformation. This has been very clearly seen in the currency controversy which has now been going on for months. Some Eastern newspapers, and a great many Eastern people, have assumed as a truism that there are large bodies of people in the West who want dishonest money. The slightest acquaintance with the real Western sentiment would have dissipated that delusion. The people of Kansas, like the people of New York, are often mistaken, but they are as honest as the people of any other section of the country. If they hold ill-considered and unwise political views, they may be brought to see the error of their ways by courtesy and fairness; they never will be brought to see them by sectional ignorance and misrepresentation.

It is safe to say that there never would have been any war between the North and the South if there had been any general acquaintance among the peoples of the two sections. It was the prevailing ignorance which made it possible for hot-headed leaders to bring on the struggle. The diversity of interests, the different habits of life, and the long distances between the various parts of this country will always tend to disintegration of sentiment and to a selfish and sectional consideration of local interests. This can be overcome only by developing the National feeling, and especially by producing National men. Such men have, for these very reasons, appeared in our politics only at intervals. Most of our public men, even men of the grade of the Adamses, of Calhoun, and of Benton, were sectional men. They were not, like Webster and Lincoln, National men. We need the statesmanship which in its vision of public affairs includes the life of the entire Nation, and, in the legislation by which it makes its vision a reality, protects, fosters, and develops the interests of the whole continent.

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We want fewer Eastern, Southern, and Western politicians; we want more National statesmen.

Maurice Jokai

Very few literary men of our time have possessed so many available talents, have secured such large contemporary rewards, and have gained such deep and enthusiastic affection as Maurice Jokai, whose portrait appears on the title-page of The Outlook this week, and whose jubilee the Hungarians recently celebrated with such characteristic whole-heartedness. There are very few modern peoples so rich in fascinating qualities of temperament and mind as the Hungarians. They possess a poetic quality, a power of passion, and a freshness of imagination and feeling which very few Western races share. To be their leader in any sense is to stand at the head of a singularly fascinating and high-minded people. This position Jokai has filled for a great many years. Born at Komárom in 1825, he was carefully educated, chose the law as his profession, and was admitted to practice, as we should say, in 1846; but his strong bent toward literature was already declaring itself, and in the same year which witnessed his admission to his profession, his first romance, "Work Days," appeared, and attained a success so marked as to settle the question of Jokai's future and determine him to take up literature as a career. He went to Budapest, and in the following year began editing a newspaper. In 1848, the epoch year of recent Hungarian history, in company with his friend Petofi, Jokai became one of the great inspirers of the revolution, expressing the national feeling on the lyrical side, as Kossuth expressed it on the platform and in the field. After the failure of the revolution he supported the Deák policy of reconciliation with Austria, which has on the whole proved so beneficial to Hungarian interests. In 1849 he married the foremost actress of Hungary, Rosa Laborfalvi, who died in 1886. Jokai is a veteran journalist, having been connected with some newspaper almost continuously since his entrance upon active life. At present he is the editor of the "Hungarian Nation" at Budapest.

In his versatility and productivity Jokai reminds one of Walter Scott and Dumas, for during something less than half a century of literary activity he has produced no less than two hundred and fifty volumes, and has tried almost every literary form—the novel, the lyric, the drama, the essay, the history, and political writing. He has a genius for work, and his charming personality diffuses itself through everything he does. He holds, as perhaps no other writer of the day does, a whole people from infancy to age, for the children of Hungary know his fairy tales by heart, the youth of Hungary learn national history from his books, and the majority of men and women find their solace and delight in his plays, his poems, and his dramas. He is in truth not only the poet laureate of Hungary, but also its foremost novelist. As an orator he has qualities hardly inferior to those which his literary work displays, and the few Hungarians whom he has not reached with his pen, he has reached with his voice. Descended from a middle-class family, and unaffectedly proud of his humble but honest parentage, he knows the national feeling, and has expressed it better than any other man of his time. His lively fantasy, his faculty of picturesque description, his geniality and humor, and his enthusiasm make him dear to the hearts of the Hungarians, and there are very few phases of their life and character which he has not described in one or other of his almost innumerable novels. In person he is a strikingly handsome man, with a very expressive and poetic face. He clings to the national costume, divides his time between Budapest and his country-seat, lives simply, is accessible and unaffected, and, being still at his prime, promises to outdo Dumas himself in the number of volumes which he has contributed to the literature of his country. His faults are the faults of the rapid writer. Like Dumas and Scott, he is a brilliant improviser, and, like them, his work is often uneven. In spite of these defects, however, he is a singularly interesting figure, and has left his permanent impress on the literature of his country.

Editorial Notes

—In the same mail last week we received two letters, the one protesting that our reports of the late strike did not set forth clearly the justification of the capitalists, and the other expressing deep regret that we so far forgot the spirit of Christ as to fail to set forth the wrongs of the laborers. *In medias res, periculosissima via.*

—Athleticism is shortly to achieve its crowning honor in the re-establishment of the Olympian games, which are to be open, however, to the whole world. The young men who have the matter in charge have not decided whether to revive the games on their ancient site or at Paris. All the probabilities point to the selection of Paris.

—The London "Economist" reports that during the late strike provisions in our great cities "doubled in price," and that the suspension of meat traffic threatened the necessity of recourse to a vegetarian diet. In reporting labor troubles the ordinary law of perspective is reversed. The further we get from them the larger the disorders appear.

—"The Clergyman in Politics" may yet become as derogatory a title as "The Scholar in Politics." Following recent clerical proceedings in Colorado comes the Iowa Republican Convention, which was opened with prayer from a Rev. Mr. Weaver. He is reported to have asked the Lord to hasten the day when the infamous Democratic party should be exterminated, and that its like should never again be heard of on earth forever. It had never accomplished anything but disaster for the country, yet he implored divine grace to remember it for any good it had done that had escaped his attention. It is hard to say which is the more exaggerated, the partisanship or the irreverence of this performance.

—And now the New York "Sun" is trying to heap obloquy upon Mayor Pingree for urging arbitration at Pullman because an obscure Western paper reports that Mayor Pingree in his own factory five or six years ago refused to arbitrate. If the "Sun" had followed the Chicago papers, it would have known that the source of this terrible revelation concerning Mayor Pingree's past life was Mayor Pingree's own statement when urging arbitration. He once made a hard fight, he said, in order to avoid accepting arbitration, but the new workmen he imported kept deserting him, and troubles never ended until he consented to arbitrate with his men. It is a little hard that a man should be ridiculed as a hypocrite because of a fact which he himself published.

—A correspondent of "The Kingdom"—Dr. Herron's impassioned social reform paper—records that one of the bridge companies of St. Louis has posted notices that during the summer, from six to ten in the evening, women and children will be admitted to its upper driveway free. As this driveway is one of the coolest places in the city, the bridge company, he says, has established a veritable "fresh-air mission" in a quarter where it will benefit thousands nightly. The "Kingdom's" correspondent expresses the hope that the anatomy of corporations may yet disclose a soul. We join in this hope, but regret that, according to the present law, any stockholder in a private corporation could secure an injunction against its generous action, if he could show that his dividends suffered.

—Dr. Pliny T. Sexton is urging upon the New York Constitutional Convention a plan by which every citizen may vote for any candidate he pleases, and still have his vote counted for the leading candidate of the party to which he belongs. The plan is worth considering, for its acceptance would make it much easier for the rank and file of the party to defeat bad machine nominations. But why not go a step further, and enable the rank and file of the people to prevent such nominations? All that is necessary is to place the party primary under the law, and enable every voter to make his selection from all the candidates presented for each office. This system (the Crawford County system) has been tried with most abundant success, both in country districts and in Cleveland, Ohio, and would already be general were it not for the hostility of the politicians, who naturally object to being reformed out of power.

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The Liszt Letters[1]

By Elbert F. Baldwin

"'AND I too am a painter!' cried Michael Angelo the first time he beheld a *chef-d'œuvre*. Though insignificant and poor, your friend cannot leave off repeating the words of the great man ever since Paganini's last performance. René, what a man, what a violin, what an artist! Ah, provided I don't go mad, you will find an artist in me! Yes, an artist such as you desire, such as is required nowadays." These are words which every one who has seen the noble face of Franz Liszt would fancy him saying. No portrait of him who had resolved to be the Paganini of the piano was ever published which did not only evince the almost painful honesty of Cromwell when he declared that he wanted "to be painted with all his warts on," but also show to the world the proud, self-reliant, masterful look of one justly conscious of his own worth. In every line of that strong face there is enthusiasm, persistence, mastery; and so is there in every line of his "Letters," well translated by Constance Bache. In reading them we are thrilled with the impulse which led Beethoven to embrace the boy pianist, and Hummel to remark: "Der Bursch ist ein Eisenfresser."

Franz Liszt

Yet it may be urged that these two rather thick volumes are full of interest to the musician or to the music critic, but hardly to the ordinary reader. Furthermore, it seems a pity that they were not more condensed, particularly as they have not so much of the personal touch as those of a more intimate character, to appear later, will have. It is not forgotten by the "general reader" that the Countess d'Agoult and the Princess Wittgenstein had apparently as much to do with Liszt's life as did Hiller, Schumann, Reinecke, Rubinstein, Raff, Bülow, Wagner, Cornelius, Lebert, Saint-Saëns, and the other composers, directors, and critics to whom most of the letters in these volumes are addressed. Nevertheless, let these doubting Thomases read a little at the beginning of the first volume. They will hardly leave off before the close of the second.

True, as has been hinted, of personal and family life there is not overmuch in these letters. There is only one note to Liszt's mother. We wonder whether she was a remarkable woman, like the mothers of all great men. At all events, her son fell a victim—probably a willing one—to the social immorality which was one of the results of the unlicensed romanticism of the famous *Sturm und Drang* period. No doubt that along with excessive adulation there came to him temptations more terrific than to many men. Alas that the strong will which made him a master in the domain of music should not also have made him a master in the world of morals! Then indeed would the Lisztian influence have been the double one, the only entire one, of life and work. In these volumes the *liaisons* are not spoken of directly, though we readily read between the lines and marvel more than ever at this strange lack of moral fiber. The Countess d'Agoult is rarely mentioned, but of her daughter Blandine, who became the wife of M. Émile Ollivier, Liszt says, in writing to Schumann: "You know, or you don't know, that I have a little girl three years old, whom everybody agrees in considering *angelic* (did you ever hear such a commonplace?). Her name is Blandine Rachel, and her surname Moucheron. It goes without saying that she has a complexion of roses and milk, and that her fair golden hair reaches to her feet just like a savage. She is, however, the most silent child, the most sweetly grave, the most philosophically gay, in the world. I have every reason to hope also that she will not be a musician, from which may Heaven preserve her!" Of his more famous daughter Cosima, who married Hans von Bülow, and, after her divorce, Richard Wagner, Liszt says but little. Writing from Venice in 1882, he remarks: "Here, in Palazzo Vendramin, a peaceful and most united family goes on without monotony. But I cannot speak of the things which touch me most, except clumsily. So it is better to keep from doing so." Yet we know that Liszt's affection for his girls was a profound one, and that they returned it. How much clever women have always done to advance the composer's interests! It is thus fitting that his best biography should have come from the pen of Lina Ramann, and that these "Letters" should have been collected by "La Mara" (Marie Lipsius) and translated by Miss Bache.

Of all Liszt's own family, however, he seems to have been more devoted to his uncle Eduard than to any one else. The first letter to Eduard in this collection begins thus: "It will be a real joy to me to take part in your joy, and I thank you very cordially for having thought first of me as godfather of your child. I accept that office very willingly, and make sincere wishes that this son may be worthy of his father, and may help to increase the honor of our name. Alas! it has been only too much neglected and even compromised by the bulk of our relations, who have been wanting either in noble sentiments or in intelligence and talent—some even in education and the first necessary elements—to give superior impulse to their career and to deserve otherwise consideration and esteem. Thank God, it is otherwise with you, and I cannot tell you what a sweet and noble satisfaction I derive from this." Twenty-five years later he writes: "Your letter has deeply affected me. I preserve it in the secret cell of the heart, where the last words of my dear mother remain, and give me consolation. I cannot thank you in words. My thanks rise in prayer to God. May his blessing ever be with your generosity and constancy in all that is good." Later still: "I always remain faithful to thee, in heartiest agreement with thy thoughts and feelings. Every year brings us nearer to the fulfillment of our hope in Jesus Christ the Saviour. 'He that endureth to the end shall be saved.'"

The friends of a great man always have for us a peculiar interest, quite apart from anything they themselves are. This note to George Sand shows the friendly footing on

[1] *Letters of Franz Liszt.* Collected by La Mara. Translated by Constance Bache. 2 Vols. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $6.

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which Liszt stood with the *châtelaine* of Nohant: "Without wishing to add to your other inevitable troubles that of a correspondence for which you care little, allow me, dear George, to claim for myself your old indulgence for people who write to you without requiring an answer, and let me recall myself to you by these few lines through M. Benacci. Their ostensible object is to recommend the above-mentioned M. Benacci, so that you, in your turn, may recommend him more particularly to Chopin; . . . but the real fact of the matter is that I am writing to you above all—and why should I not confess it openly?—for the pleasure of conversing with you for a few moments. Therefore don't expect anything interesting from me, and if my handwriting bothers you, throw my letter into the fire, without going any further." The Countess d'Agoult stood on no less friendly footing with George Sand. In fact, the great novelist inspired Liszt's lady to imitate her in writing romances under a masculine pseudonym (Daniel Stern). George Sand's relations with Chopin and with Alfred de Musset had their own influence on Liszt and the Countess d'Agoult, as we have already seen.

The composer's comments on his great contemporaries in other domains than that of art are not as frequent as one could wish. The few that are given only increase the regret that there are not more. Liszt's judgments sometimes ran amuck, while those of others bothered him not a bit. Thus of Louis Napoleon we have the following new view: "Napoleon III. is dead. A great soul, an all-embracing intelligence experienced in the wisdom of life, a gentle and noble character—with a disastrous fate. He was a bound and gagged Cæsar, but still closely related to the divine Cæsar, who was the ideal embodiment of earthly power. In the year 1861, when I had a pretty long interview with Napoleon, he said, 'Sometimes it seems to me that I am over a hundred years old.' I replied, 'You are the century yourself, Sire'—and, in fact, I honestly believed at the time, and do so still, that Napoleon's reign was the one most in keeping with the requirements and advances of our era. He has set noble examples, and accomplished or undertaken great deeds: amnesties which were more complete under him than under any other governments; the protection of the Church in Rome and in other countries; the rejuvenescence of Paris and other great cities in France; the Crimean war and the Italian war; the great Paris Exhibition, and the rise of local exhibitions; the earnest attention paid to the lot and to the interests of the country people and of the working classes; the generosity and encouragement to scholars and artists—all these things are historical facts, and are things in which the Emperor took the initiative, and which he carried out in spite of all the difficulties that stood in his way. These things will not be eclipsed by the misfortunes that befell him, however terrible these may have been, and, on the day of judgment, France will fetch the coffin of Napoleon III. and place it in all honor beside that of Napoleon I."

Liszt's career was by no means always on the heights of a symphonic-poem success; indeed, perhaps his most interesting phase was that early and formative one when, as he wrote to Messrs. Breitkopf and Härtel, the publishers, "It will be a great pleasure to me to conclude this little business with you at the rate of eight francs a page," just as the same is true of Wagner, of whom, eleven years later, in 1849, Liszt wrote: "Richard Wagner, a Dresden conductor, has been here since yesterday. That's a man of wonderful genius, such a brain-splitting genius indeed as beseems this country—a new and brilliant appearance in art." Ten years later he said: "Among our art-comrades of the day there is one name which has already become glorious, and which will become ever more and more so—Richard Wagner. His genius has been to me a light which I have followed, and my friendship for Wagner has always been of the character of a noble passion. At a certain period (about ten years ago), I had visions of a new art-period for Wagner, similar to that of Karl August, in which Wagner and I should have been the leading spirits, as Goethe and Schiller were formerly." After this he fitly wrote of "Parsifal:" "It has, indeed, struck dumb those who were so deeply impressed by it; its sacred pendulum swings from the sublime to the sublimest." In the Wagner-Liszt correspondence published some time since we read more of the same judgments of the younger and greater from the older composer, whose tact, diplomacy, and abiding faith greatly smoothed the way for the often imprudent Wagner.

Back in 1854 Liszt had said of Rubinstein: "That is a clever fellow, the most notable musician, pianist, and composer, indeed, who has ever appeared to me from among the newer lights, with the exception of the Murls." The society of the Murls (*i. e.*, Moors, Anti-Philistines) comprised Liszt, who was Padischah or President, and his adherents, Bülow, Cornelius, Prackner. Liszt always called Rubinstein Van II., from the latter's likeness to Beethoven. Then, a year later, this of Bülow: "The artist who, above all the other active or dying-out *virtuosi*, is the dearest to me, and who has, so to speak, grown out of my musical heart." Thirty years after this Liszt composed a march in honor of the talented but eccentric ex-husband of his daughter Cosima, and prefaced it as follows: "For thirty years Hans von Bülow has been expressing and actively furthering everything that is noble, right, high-minded, and free-minded in the regions of creative Art. As virtuoso, teacher, conductor, commentator, propagandist—indeed, even sometimes as a humorous journalist—Bülow remains the chief of musical progress, with the initiative born in and belonging to him by the grace of God, with an impassioned perseverance, incessantly striving heroically after the ideal, and attaining the utmost possible. His conducting of the Meiningen Court Orchestra is a fresh proof of this. To that same orchestra this Bülow March is dedicated, in high esteem for their model symphonic performances, by F. Liszt." Thus the composer of "A Faust Symphony" was never so blinded by his own genius nor by the changing circumstances of life as to fail to recognize talent in other men.

Liszt's religious nature has always been one of the most interesting conditions of his career, and is immortally joined with his musical creativeness in his last great work, the noble oratorio of "St. Elizabeth." In spite of all waywardness, he never got over that seemingly divinely impelling force to enter the priesthood, despite the equally divine call to preach and minister to the world through his immortal art. The man who first most influenced his religious life was Lamennais, the great Liberal Romanist of the day. Speaking of a book of the Abbé's, the youthful Liszt writes to him as follows: "And, lastly, for us who love you, and who would glory and be proud to be one day called your disciples, we rejoice in it, because the world will learn to know you better by this means, and because it will probably be another opportunity for us to show our sympathetic admiration as well as our unalterable devotion for you. Farewell, once more, dear Father. Think as often as possible of all the good you have done, and of that which men have a right to expect of you. Think sometimes also of the health and the wealth of affection that you have showered on me in particular, and may the remembrance of this be sweet to you. Yours ever, for life, from heart and soul, F. Liszt." This latent loyalty, hardly expressed by his life, kept constant and tenacious hold till, in after and purer days (1865) he actually took minor orders, and was thenceforth himself known as Abbé. He now came nearer being in some sort the Fra Angelico of religious music. Speaking of his "Missa Solemnis," he says: "I did not compose my work as one might put on a church vestment instead of a paletot. It has sprung from the truly fervent faith of my heart, such as I have felt it since my childhood. *Genitum non factum*—and therefore I can truly say that my Mass has been more prayed than composed." "Yes, Jesus Christ on the Cross, a yearning, longing after the Cross, and the raising of the Cross—this was ever my true inner calling; I have felt it in my innermost heart ever since my seventeenth year, in which I implored with humility and tears that I might be permitted to enter the Paris Seminary; at that time I hoped it would be granted to me to live the life of the saints, and perhaps even to die a martyr's death. This, alas! has not hap-

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pened; yet, in spite of the transgressions and errors which I have committed, and for which I feel sincere repentance and contrition, the Holy Light of the Cross has never been entirely withdrawn from me. At times, indeed, refulgence of this divine light has overflowed my entire soul—I thank God for this."

A Pictorial Parliament of Religions

By James Leonard Corning, Sr.

I sometimes wonder if it ever occurred to the story-tellers of comparative religion that for millenniums before literature was born art was religion's only medium of expression, and for other millenniums afterwards art still held regal rank as the conveyancer of faith in its manifold forms and aspects. I am very far from insinuating that these story-tellers had not knowledge of the historic facts now stated; but it seems certain that they have not measured these facts at their real valuation, since the world still waits for anything approaching a comprehensive showing of the expression of the religious ideas and faiths of the ages through art. Such being the case, any sincere endeavor to tell the story on this wise, however modest the resources of scholarship invoked, should be welcomed as the harbinger of a fuller revelation.

The uttered or unuttered protestations of sectaries imprisoned in their own ecclesiastical shells to the contrary notwithstanding, it is yet true that, whether for better or worse, the intelligent and religious world is becoming more and more deeply interested in the kinship of faiths as well as their points of dissimilarity, be these superficial or essential.

We have only to consider that the art of the ante-Christian ages, and of the Christian ages as well, down to the sixteenth century, was almost wholly devoted to religious themes to see that the material of what may be called a pictorial parliament of religions should be nearly limitless in abundance and variety. And such indeed it is; and the explorer in this most attractive field of investigation has only the apparently simple and easy task of gathering into one gallery, chiefly from the published conservatories of the relics of sculpture and painting, a unified and adequate showing of the story. I have said that this task is apparently simple and easy, but on experiment it proves to be only apparently such; for the conservatories of the requisite material are closeted in far nooks and corners of the world's great libraries, in books of many dialects, and not a few in unprinted manuscripts accessible to only a favored few.

Taking a clue in large degree from personal experience, whose fruits, it should be confessed, are not a matter of boasting, I will briefly indicate some departments of investigation into which such a theme naturally divides itself, and some of the sources from which it derives manifold illumination.

If I should specify but a single work which projects before the student in this domain a fruitful path of inquiry, that work would be Professor Ferdinand Piper's two volumes entitled "Mythologie und Symbolik der Christlichen Kunst," a veritable encyclopædia of scholarly acquisitions, which the author left uncompleted at his death more than a generation gone. This prodigious achievement of German erudition has no illustrations to illuminate its pages, which are crowded with dry historic details. But its foot-notes, which, for the purpose that we have in hand, are the most precious part of it, are furnished with several hundred references to illustrated books rarely seen outside of the alcoves of a few great libraries, and to manuscripts which perhaps only an omnibus-full of the world's scholars have ever seen. Piper was not a picture-publisher; but few men, living or dead, have seen so many pictures as he, and made diligent and conscientious inquest of them for the stories which they have to tell in the domain of comparative religion.

In the search for materials with which to make a pictorial parliament of religions (my own modest gallery now numbering several hundred facsimile reproductions) Piper was my chief guide. Indeed, if the truth were told, I should probably have to confess that I have got more clues with which to traverse the labyrinths of comparative religion from this great Christian scholar than from any or all others to whom I am a debtor.

In suggesting the departments into which such a story as we have in hand naturally divides itself, I shall have occasion to mention some very prominent special sources from which materials, both illustrative and literary, are derived. It will, of course, be impossible within the limits of this paper to give a catalogue of all the conservatories of illustration utilized in my task. In looking over my gallery of facsimile drawings, which, for purposes of popular exhibition, I have reproduced on glass slides for use with the stereopticon, I find that I have had in hand more than a hundred volumes, in five languages, whose pictorial resources have been more or less employed.

For a showing of the religious forms of ancient paganism we naturally go, in the study of Egypt, to the folios of Lepsius and of the Commission of the First Napoleon, as well as to the more popular and accessible volumes of Rawlinson and Wilkinson.

For Assyria the folios of Layard and Botta, as well as their more popular editions, will furnish much valuable material, and this is likewise a guide to the few kindred relics of Persian art. For India, Moir's "Hindu Pantheon" and Niklas Müller's "Glauben, Wissen, und Kunst der Alten Hindus" will furnish sufficient material for such a popular showing as we have in hand. For Greece and Rome we have in Müller's "Denkmäler der Alten Kunst," in Millin's "Galerie Mythologique," in Clarac's "Musée de Sculpture," in the voluminous folios of D'Agincourt, and in other popular conservatories of kindred character, a populous gallery of reproductions, which, in its great abundance and variety, presents only the embarrassment of judicious selection. In the field of Christian art, especially as regards its indebtedness to, and its kinship with, the forms and symbols of ancient paganism, if I should name but a single author it would be Didron, whose "Annales Archæologiques," numbering, as well as I can remember in the absence of my manuscript notes, nearly or quite thirty volumes, is a mine of almost inexhaustible wealth in the materials of our story. As the proximity of Christian art to paganism in point of time witnessed some of the most striking examples of the use of pagan forms, the pictorial story-teller of comparative religion will require to familiarize himself with the sculptures and paintings of the Roman Catacombs; and here the great folios of Dr. Rossi and Aringhi and Bosio, as well as the more popular rendition of their researches by Northcote and Brownlow, will furnish all needed material. Münter's "Symbolik der Alten Christen," Müller and Mothe's "Archæologisches Wörterbuch," Louisa Twining's "Symbols," and Hulme's "Symbolism in Christian Art" will be found most helpful to the student, not to mention other works of kindred character.

I have thus in a fragmentary way suggested the historic path of inquiry, with some of the principal guiding lights by whose aid it is to be traversed. But we need not suppose that a pictorial showing of comparative religion is destined by a fixed and immutable decree to be confined within the limitations now specified. It is far from impossible that, at no very distant day, a pictorial parliament of religions will carry its penetrating inquest into the domain of prehistoric æons. Within little more than a generation the researches of adventurous science, of which Mortillet and Lubbock are representative names, have uncovered in paleolithic strata, in close companionship with the fossil remains of extinct animal races, the relics both of human industry and art, in the form of implements and rude drawings from nature and life. The world knows now that paleolithic man existed, and that he was industrial and artistic; for actual examples of human activity in these relations have at last put the questions involved beyond discussion. And so at last real prehistoric art has come to birth, in place of that which, in the recitals of Winckelmann, Kugler, Lübke, and other well-known story-

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tellers in this domain, was imaginary and inferential. If religious faith and the expression thereof are provided for in the constitution of man, as they certainly are, it is no insane hope, or even expectation, that by and by some Mortillet or Lubbock, or men kindred to them, will uncover to the light of day visible evidences of the religion of prehistoric man. Then indeed the pictorial parliament of religions will have a new chapter added to it, and the editions of to-day will have to be revised and enlarged. The intelligent and religious world has a warm welcome waiting for such a dispensation, the advent of which may at least be hoped for.

The question into what departments of revelation a pictorial parliament of religions should divide itself is one which, in my own experience, waited for an answer upon the gathering of a large and promiscuous mass of illustrative material. After the slow labor of accumulating a gallery of reproductions numbering several hundreds, giving a general survey of the religious thought of the great historic ages and peoples of the world, the somewhat chaotic contents of my pictorial acquisition were carefully sorted over, the result being an evolution of the resources of art, in all the æons of its historic life, as a revealer of the various developments of faith in the great religions which have dominated mankind.

It would be natural to expect that such a classification would, first of all, bring to light a group of sculptures and paintings large enough to show the diverse notions of the pagan and Christian ages concerning God. And such proved to be the fact, and the theophanies and trinities of pagan and Christian art were found to have abundant material for pictorial illustration. The demoniacal forms and symbols would naturally come next; and here the material was found to be likewise abundant, the devils of the ages making a gallery of horrors of really large dimensions. As a cicerone in the literature and art of demonology, the scholarly work of Professor Reskoff, of Vienna, far surpasses any single treatise with which I am acquainted. It is entitled "Geschichte des Teufels," and compresses into two octavo volumes a prodigious amount of theological learning.

As the doom of mortality has been the puzzle of philosophy in all ages, so it has been, as we know well enough, the too hard problem of faith. Certainly the religious symbolism of pagan and Christian art should take this theme in hand; and we find that it has done so, and in the doing has evolved some suggestive and startling contrasts, which give paganism, in its carved and painted philosophy of death, at least a very respectable showing beside Christianity, whose symbolism in this relation exceeds that of all other religions in repellent forms. In gathering the materials for the illustration and interpretation of this theme, two scholarly works, both by German authors, seem indispensable. One of these is Lessing's "Wie die Alten den Tod gebildet," and the other is Professor Furbwängler's "Die Idee des Todes den Mythen and Kunstdenkmälern der Griechen." The outcome of one's studies in this special department of symbolism is not complimentary to the ghastly forms of Christian art and the Biblical tradition of death as a punitive dispensation, in which these forms had their origin and inspiration.

All the religions of the ages have taken a life beyond death within the horizon of faith; and we should hence expect that eschatology would find some representation in the art of pagan and Christian peoples. Here, indeed, is a populous department of our pictorial parliament of religions; and if it were possible to carve and paint the doctrine of immortality into the creeds of mankind, one would think that all the syllogisms of modern materialistic philosophy would be powerless either to destroy or to disturb it. The art of the ages is found, upon honest inquest, to abound in proof-texts concerning the future life and its solemn transactions.

In reviewing our little gallery of carved and painted faith up to this point we find unexpected and ever-recurring proofs and illustrations of the large debt of Christianity to paganism for its forms and symbols. But, after all this incidental revelation concerning the brotherhood of religions, there proves to be in our collection of reproductions abundant material for a special showing of the large factor of pagan symbolism in the art of the Christian ages.

For other themes incidentally suggested, and for which abundant illustrative material proves to be at hand, I may mention "The Kinship of Myths" and "Curiosities of Christian Art," both of them deserving a place of honor in a pictorial parliament of religions, and susceptible of rich illumination from the stores of our little gallery. Other themes, illustrative of new aspects in comparative religion, will no doubt emerge from their hiding-places and bring new surprises as we go forward in the accumulation of our pictorial wealth. But even those now named, if worthily treated with the interpretation of object-lessons, would give us a pictorial parliament of religions unique in its character and rich in its manifold revelations.

Munich, Bavaria.

The Captain's Story

By L. R. Zerbe

The night was without fog, but pitch-black. The upper sky was full of clouds, and through the clear darkness the lights of passing vessels were visible for miles. There was no wind; the waters of the wide lake were silent, curving away from the bow of the vessel in long, smooth waves, the film of crisp foam on their crests shining now and then as they caught the ship's lights.

It was the Captain's watch. Bundled against the chill of the night, a few passengers sat about him, murmuring detached sentences among themselves, for the Captain on this deck was autocrat, and the word just now was silence.

But soon in the east a light breeze sprang up; the clouds rolled cumbrously, and between them the harvest moon shone suddenly, blood-red, painting a lurid streak straight through the black water to the ship.

With the light, silence fled; the shapeless forms became animated, the waves against the bow took on a cheerful note, and the Captain amicably accepted a cigar. But behind him, from the window of the pilot-house, the unchanged face of the man at the wheel stared out to sea.

"There surely is no danger to a boat on such a night as this?" ventured the Captain's favorite, who was curious as to the cause of the tension from which we had all so suddenly been relieved; and as we were talking of nerve in emergencies, the question seemed not too bold.

"Starboard, Charlie, starboard!" suddenly boomed the Captain's deep voice to the man at the wheel, with an intonation at once familiar and sternly professional.

"I never had but one piece of bad luck, and that was eight years ago"—he had resumed his conversational attitude—"and it might jus' as well happen this minute.

"I was sailin' the Davidson then, carrying coal up and iron down the lake. She was a pretty big barge, an' I had my savings in her.

"Me an' my wife was sitting on the bow one night; my girls had gone to bed—they'd been skylarkin' all evening. It was fearful black, but there was no fog, an' you could see a light miles off—

"Starboard! what you got a head for? Starboard, I said!"

"Starboard," repeated the dull voice of the man at the wheel, and the huge bulk of a vessel cleft the path of silver and drifted past us into the gloom.—

"I hadn't no more thought of an accident than you have this minute," went on the Captain, with a nervous catch in his voice. "Away off to starboard was the lights of a vessel. I could see him as well as I see you. Pretty soon he whistled twice. That meant he was goin' to keep to his side. Then I whistled twice, meanin' keep to your side. Me an' my wife was watchin' him. All at once my wife said, 'Tom, she's comin' for us.'—

"Port a little, Charlie."

"Port, sir," said the man at the wheel.—

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"Be George, I see her lights turn, an' in a minute she was on us, straight amidships, two-thirds through us.

"I yelled for 'em not to back out of the hole. We'd have sunk before you could wink if she had.—

"Steady."

"Steady, sir!" said the man at the wheel.—

"I run into my cabin for a life-preserver, and clapped it on my wife. She was cryin' an' moanin' about the girls. 'Fanny,' I says, 'be a woman! The girls is dead, an' we'll be too in a minute.' She never made a whimper after that, an' I took hold of her an' climbed up to the roof of my pilot-house—their bow was right against my mast. I sings out for a line. There was no time to lose, an' they throwed it quick. I fastened it about me an' her, an' they hauled us up on their deck.

"All this time the steam was roarin' up from the boilers, an' I heard a man down below cryin' an' screamin'; but it's natural, sir, for a man to try to save his own children first, an', although I was sure the girls was killed, I had to know for certain.

"I run across the bow as soon as I could get free from Fanny, jumped down on my deck, an' run for the girls' stateroom.

"It was empty. The girls was gone!—

"Starboard a little, Charlie!"

"Starboard, sir," said the man at the wheel.—

"I run into every one of them staterooms, cryin', 'Where's the girls?' Pretty soon, way up on the Delia's deck, I heard my steward hollerin', 'Here they are, all safe, sir!'

"He was a good one, that fellow," the Captain went on, after a pause. "As soon as we was struck he run for the girls an' got 'em out, an' the three just crawled flat on the deck through the steam."

"And was no one lost?" asked the favorite passenger.—

"Steady, Charlie!"

"Steady, sir," said the man at the wheel.—

"Three, ma'am, three," the Captain hummed in his deep voice. "That same steward—it makes me laugh now to think how that man hollered—you see, when I knew the girls was safe, thinks I, I've go time to get my books. So I run to my cabin an' got 'em out just in time. But the steward, him an' a passenger an' the mate, they started to save that poor feller that was hollerin' in the boiler-room. The passenger an' the mate, they went down, an' they'd got the man on the passenger's shoulders, an' the steward was lyin' flat on deck ready to take hold of him when they got that far. But all of a sudden the passenger hollered, 'Look out for yourselves!' an' throwed the man off his shoulders, an' our ship went down like a log. It warn't more than five minutes, all told, after we'd been struck."

"But that was four drowned," said the passenger.

"I was climbing up the Delia like mad when I heard that steward a-yellin', 'Cap'n!' an' instead of bein' safe on the Delia, there he was floatin' in the water on a board.

"You see, the suction of the ship goin' down had lifted the hurricane-deck clean off an' let him out, an' there he was.

"The Delia was chuck full of passengers, an' they fixed up my girls all right. But, you see, that cap'n, he jus' got rattled. He had to change his course completely to run into me, an' he had—

"Now steady, Charlie, steady!" said the Captain, as two shrill sounds came out of the darkness.—

"Well, you had nerve to go back after your books," said the readiest one of the passengers.

"Well, maybe," the Captain answered, modestly; "but I tell you," he announced, standing straight and tall before us, and bringing the edge of one huge hand down across the palm of the other, "I'm more excited this minute tellin' about it than I was doin' it that night.—

"Now, starboard, Charlie, starboard," and the Captain leaped up on the pilot-house deck and blew an answering signal to the big barge which presently came floating toward us in the wide expanse, with a half-dozen schooners, loaded to the water's edge, in her wake.

The favorite passenger sat silent, her eye on the set young face of the man at the wheel, turning, as his duty was, his wheel to the left when his orders were to go right, and to the right when he was to go to the left. "I think," said she, contemplatively, "if there were a little more common sense in the making of steering-gear, such accidents as yours wouldn't happen."

The Captain looked down at her quizzically, and considered her words.

"Darned if it doesn't take a woman to see through things," he said presently.

The St. John's Guild

This midsummer season is a time of recreation to many fortunate persons, but to the thousands who crowd our city tenements it is a period of dread, discomfort, and anxiety, if not of positive peril. More than sixty-five per cent. of the population of New York City live in tenements, where for those in good health there is never enough air, while for those who are ill death seems to be coming through slow suffocation. There are in the tenements nearly two hundred thousand children under five years of age. New York's average death-rate is 22.75 for every thousand, but that among these little ones is 76.64. One infant out of every five dies before reaching its first birthday, and more than one child in three before attaining the age of five years.

How often, indeed, in walking through the poorer quarters, one will pass an undertaker's shop, in the window of which is generally displayed, not a long black coffin, but a tiny white child's casket! A stroll through Mulberry Bend or Hester Street would do more than any words to convince an unbeliever of the dangers of overcrowding to life, health, and morals; while if the five or six flights of stairs of but one tenement-house be ascended, if but one of the stuffy, stifling rooms be entered, the necessity for such an agency as the St. John's Guild will be quickly acknowledged. This is a wholly non-sectarian organization for the relief of sick children of the helpless poor, without regard to their race, color, or creed. It maintains the Floating Hospital in New York Harbor, the Seaside Hospital at New Dorp, Staten Island, the Children's City Hospital at 155 West Sixty-first Street, and special relief and nursing for children in their homes.

Such a noble charity as this ought to be imitated in every city enjoying ocean, lake, or river advantages. The Guild's Floating Hospital takes fifteen hundred mothers and children every day down New York Harbor. The boat leaves at 8 A.M. from its landing farthest up-town, and stops at two other piers for the convenience of those in the lower parts of the city. Poor mothers applying for themselves and their children are given tickets, which must be signed by a doctor. Each adult is given one warm meal on board, and milk is furnished twice a day for the children—all free. No persons with contagious diseases are allowed on board, nor is any well child admitted over six years of age. Landing at Staten Island is made at New Dorp, where shelter and medical attendance are had for children too ill to return to the city. On the way down, the salt-water bath-room is thrown open. Four nurses are in attendance, speaking four languages. Perhaps all this benefaction is not appreciated! Said one poor woman: "I worked until two o'clock this morning to do my washing so that I could come here with baby—she is nine months old and the youngest of seven; she has cried almost night and day lately. I do most of my work while holding her." This is an average case.

The last annual report of the Guild has all the merits of an illustrated paper. Excellent cuts are presented of the Floating Hospital itself, of the examination of patients before admission, of patients leaving the hospital at the dock, of merry scenes on the upper deck, of the sick ward, of the patients at dinner (350 at a sitting), of the salt-water bath-room, of the Seaside Hospital and the Children's Hospital. The pictures tell their own story. The

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Guild's work often costs less than twenty-five cents a head. Think of it. A quarter for a child's life!

Why, then, should not the St. John's Guild be fully and fitly sustained?

Its Treasurer is Mr. W. L. Strong, and its office is at 501 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

The Spectator

Having been in his day himself a "Commencement orator," the Spectator is naturally interested in a statement, coming from New Haven, that it is proposed at Yale to lay an iconoclastic hand on the most venerable of all college institutions—an institution which dates back to the beginning of the eighteenth century, before Yale had even a permanent abiding-place—and to abolish Commencement. That is, if the proposed plan is carried out (at present the matter is in the hands of a committee), that almost invariably hot Wednesday morning late in June will not see old Center Church converted into a sea of swaying fans, from the platform crowded with dignitaries to the galleries crowded with matrons and maidens—a silently eloquent tribute to the sacrifice of comfort involved in listening to the "great thoughts" of the young graduating orators. There will then be no delivery of valedictory or salutatory; no learned disquisitions by budding scholars; no formal function of set oratory, such as has constituted Commencement ever since there was a Yale. Over this distinguishing feature of a typical American university must in all probability soon be written the historic words: "*Troja fuit.*"

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If the reporter of a New Haven paper has reached a correct diagnosis, the time for the innovation has come, for Commencement at Yale has ceased to command the respect of the students. This reporter writes: "There is seldom more than a mere fraction of the class present [at the exercises in Center Church], and those who are there never stay during the entire programme, coming in and going out all the time. The valedictory address itself is seldom taken seriously, and is seldom listened to by over a quarter of the class." This is probably an exaggeration, but the actual state of the case is bad enough, according to the Spectator's own observations at New Haven in recent years. The valedictorian is purely an official person, selected simply because he is the first scholar in the class. The valedictory itself is a postscript to a theme having no necessary connection with the thought of farewell—the one subject of a valedictory address which the Spectator happens to recall being "The Unromantic Character of American History." There is an obvious incongruity in making a formal farewell the tail to any subject a valedictorian may choose. On the other hand, if the valedictorian is neither a good speaker nor a good writer—which is as likely as not to be the case—his performance may be as unimpressive as a set tariff speech in the Senate. Why, then, the Spectator has often asked himself, should "the young gentlemen of the graduating class" be expected, as a matter of course, to take an interest in their valedictorian, when they have had no voice in choosing him—having already chosen the class orator, to do for them what the Faculty chooses the valedictorian to do over for them—and when his valedictory may be anything but a credit to the ability of the class which he officially represents.

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And yet, considering what Commencement has been at Yale even down to quite recent times, its abolition will seem to some but a short remove from sacrilege. One can hardly put one's self back to the days when Commencement Day was practically a holiday in the State; when the people crowded in from all the country around to attend the exercises; when the crush at the doors of Center Church and the scramble for seats was as great, comparatively, as the jam at a Thanksgiving Day football game in New York; when the programme began in the morning, and, after an adjournment for dinner, continued throughout the afternoon; when from twenty to thirty participants succeeded one another in the competition of learning and oratory; when the gift of tongues was necessary to follow the proceedings intelligently; when, as one authority describes it, "syllogistic disputes were held between an affirmant and a respondent, who stood in the side galleries of the church, opposite to one another, and shot the weapons of their logic over the heads of the audience;" when it was "a common thing" for "colloquymen" to write dialogues or plays and act them out on the stage; when original poems formed no small part of the intellectual treat; when there was a Greek oration as well as orations in Latin; and when the President (Dr. Stiles, of Yale, in 1781) delivered an oration in Hebrew, Chaldaic, and Arabic. Ah, those were the days, to borrow the phrase of the New Haven reporter, when Commencement was "taken seriously." Yet not altogether so, since the day ended in scenes of great disorder, owing to a too generous hospitalty in providing New England rum—the matter becoming so serious a scandal as to require the interference of the college authorities: a curious anticipation of the Harvard edict against "Commencement punch" in this year of our Lord 1894.

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As the Spectator cons the decline under modern influences of an institution once so noble and notable, so many suggestions of its significance crowd in upon him as to make selection an embarrassment. First and foremost, it marks the decay in the prestige of the college graduate as such, which has often been noted as typical of modern life. Not that the modern world undervalues the college education and training. The crowded class-rooms and general prosperity of all our institutions of learning forbid such an inference. But in the modern world the college graduate has no artificial value placed upon him because he is the possessor of a degree. He must prove for himself what the value of that degree is. The point of view was very different when the people crowded at Commencement to hear the young men who were to fill the "learned professions," who were to be the ministers, lawyers, and doctors—the leaders—of the coming generation. Then, too, that was a time when youth came to its honors earlier, a natural sequence from the fact that people retired earlier "from the activities of life." Careers being much shorter, had to begin the sooner. It is only a little more than a century ago that a young man at twenty-three—"a mere boy," we moderns would call him—was Prime Minister of England. This is an exceptional illustration of the fact that youth was then "taken seriously," just as Commencement was. Once more, the graduate has become the important factor at college commencements and in college management. Modern facilities of travel enable him to attend college reunions as he pleases with but small inconvenience, and he is increasingly availing himself of these facilities. Now that Commencement proper has to compete with the "alumni dinner" in the afternoon, with its host of wits and celebrities and its feast of the best oratory, is it any wonder that the valedictorian and his associates on the Commencement platform should pass into complete eclipse?

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Yes, the valedictorian, whether he be allowed to lag superfluous for one year or for years, must soon make his final exit. He is a survival from a different time, and his glory is a reminiscence. The Spectator cannot take leave of him without a word in his justification. He has not been in life the failure which his contemners would have us believe. He has as often won his honors by right of genuine ability as by virtue of patient plodding. When he has turned up as a stage-coach driver in some region of the far West, every newspaper paragrapher has been quick to pass the story along, and to add a cheap sneer of his own. When he has reached unusual success in life, the fact that he was valedictorian is seldom brought to notice. The Spectator numbers among his acquaintance six valedictorians, now men of about forty, with whose careers he is personally acquainted. Of these six, one is a leading railroad lawyer in Connecticut; another is an authority on two continents on railroad questions; another has created and is successfully managing a New York corporation, with a capital in the millions; another is the chief counsel of one of the big railroads centering in Chicago. Only two of the six are comparative failures, one being a somewhat obscure teacher and the other a somewhat obscure clergyman. Is not that a fair average of success in life for a group who were "mere" valedictorians in college?

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The Home

The Knowledge of One

The struggle with most of us is to fit our lives to those about us, and yet to hold secure that liberty which is imperative to the life of every thinking man and woman. We find ourselves measured by other people's standards, and with the mortifying consciousness that we are too short or too tall, too broad or too narrow. In every soul not corroded by selfishness the approval of even the smallest of those about us is desired. How can we put ourselves into unity of spirit with those about us, and yet hold true to that liberty of choice that marks us as apart from the brute?

Not only do we find ourselves victims of criticism as to opinions, beliefs, philosophies, but as to manners and morals; as to what we should eat, drink, and wear. Woe betide us if we have any pronounced physical weakness! Then indeed are we victims! Each person we meet knows that if we ate the right things we should be well, and each one proceeds to show conclusively the reasons within him.

Then clothes, æsthetically and hygienically: what endless proofs are brought forward to convince us that we do not know when we are comfortable or well dressed! Sometimes one is tempted to exhibit the opinions of one's friends in a combination of the styles, colors, and arrangements that center in one's self.

When the management of incomes, the home, the children, and the methods of living come under discussion, a life of perpetual laughter would follow if one had a sense of humor. To hold the mind open for enlightenment, and yet keep true to one's standards and maintain liberty, requires the mind to be as thoroughly under control as are the muscles of the athlete performing on a tight rope, who knows the eyes of many are upon him, who knows that failure to succeed means loss of favor, who meets applause with a smile, but, with eye and brain fastened on the goal, knows also that he is doing all that nature and training fit him for, and persists to the end.

Smith College[1]

By Katharine Shepherd Woodward

Since the days when the Princess Ida gathered her followers, forsook her father's court, and retreated to the seclusion of a frontier castle to found the first university for women, the mind has associated the woman's college with strict seclusion and with classic shadows. The wide and beautiful grounds which charm the visitor at Wellesley and Vassar Colleges embody this idea in its perfection; but Smith College is surrounded by no broad stretches of woodland or wide acres of daisied meadows; instead, it is set down, though not without a semi-seclusion of its own, in the midst of a New England town—a city by courtesy, but, in fact, a drowsy country village, buried in long rows of famous elms, and encircled by lofty hills and the picturesquely winding Connecticut.

Northampton is the typical Massachusetts town—a town with a history and a background of dignified associations; famed for its religious intelligence and general culture since the days when its echoes rang to the overwhelming utterances of Jonathan Edwards; a town of schools even in the early part of the century, when Bancroft was Principal of the Round Hill School; and now a town of girl students.

Ten minutes' walk from the station, on a little eminence at the head of the main street, stand the Smith College buildings, shaded by trees and set in the midst of a small but carefully kept campus. Here are the main College Hall for assembly and lectures, seven substantial dormitories, the President's house, the Music Hall, Lilly Hall of Science, the Art Gallery, the Observatory, the fine new Gymnasium, and a supplementary recitation hall. Across the street is the eighth dormitory, and another will be built in the summer; but even then the College cannot hope to accommodate all its students, and many must, as now, find homes in the town.

In 1879 the first class of eleven was graduated; in 1885 the College numbered about three hundred and fifty and graduated forty-six; to-day the senior class numbers one hundred and eleven, the first class two hundred and thirty-seven, and the total enrollment of the College is seven hundred and forty-six.

When Smith College was opened, in 1875, it embodied two ideas which were new in American systems of education for women. It was the first to adopt the cottage system, and to insist on the immunity of its students from rules. From the earliest days, when the fourteen girls of the first class entered and took for their home the old Dewey mansion, and the one college building was more than ample for all scholastic purposes, the dwelling-house and the recitation hall have been separate. There is no huge central building, half dormitory, half recitation-room, with long, gloomy corridors and enormous general dining-hall; and the students probably owe their almost uniformly good health to the quiet living afforded by the separate houses, and to the absence of nervous strain caused by daily contact with several hundred people.

The dormitories are substantially built modern houses, severely plain in exterior, but furnished with all needful conveniences and comforts. The larger houses accommodate about fifty students, the smallest twenty. Each has its own parlors, dining-room, and kitchen, and in each the head of the house is a refined and cultured woman, who directs the social and domestic life of the family. No domestic work is required of the students; their rooms are furnished by the College, and cared for by servants. It may not be amiss to mention that the cottage system at Smith College is a financial success, as the larger dormitories are not only self-supporting, but pay a small interest on their cost.

The second idea which was peculiar to Smith College at its founding—but which is peculiar to it no longer, as it has been more or less embodied in the government of other colleges—was its freedom from rules. Its founders believed young women to be capable of self-government, and it is due to this belief, which seemed singularly heterodox twenty years ago, that the life of the students is virtually unrestricted. Two rules hold—that lights shall be out at ten, and that no student shall drive with a young man unchaperoned. The increase in numbers has given rise to some minor restrictions pertaining to the social life of the students; and at present the government may be called in a sense co-operative, as a Conference Committee elected from the students consults with the Faculty, and House Presidents with the ladies in charge of the dormitories.

Students are free to consult their own wishes with regard to work and recreation. No study hours are defined, no outdoor exercise prescribed, but abundance of outdoor life is encouraged, tennis-courts are numerous, and the delights of a peculiarly beautiful region tempt the girls to walks and drives.

The criticism, made perhaps justly some years ago, that college girls missed their social opportunities during the four years in which they should be specially influenced by the subtle cultivation that society gives, is on the way to be met and answered by the increasing attention now given to social details in the women's colleges. At Northampton this side of the student's life is especially regarded; and as the girls interchange courtesies with the people of the town, the social relations are by no means confined to the four walls of the College.

An Entertainment Committee, chosen from the Faculty and the ladies in charge of the college houses, regulates the social life of the students. All plans are submitted to them, and by them it is decided whether each girl may

[1] Articles in this series will be found in The Outlook of June 23, July 7, and July 28, on Bryn Mawr, Women at Chicago University, and Wellesley, respectively.

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wisely bear a part in whatever dramatic, literary, or musical entertainment may be projected.

The same freedom that characterizes the scholastic life is seen in the religious life of the College. There is no college church, and students consult their own preferences in selecting a church home in the town. A vesper service is held on Sunday afternoon in the college chapel, but attendance on this, as on all religious services in town, is entirely voluntary.

There are three distinct courses leading to a degree—a feature of its academic work which has been peculiar to Smith College till its adoption by Mount Holyoke in its recent evolution. In each course music or art may be taken as elective work and count toward the degree. The three separate courses were organized in 1886, the Classical conferring the degree of A.B., the Literary of B.C., and the Scientific of B.S. The great number of elective studies may perhaps be called the distinctive feature of the College; the arrangement of work tending more and more to the group system. While this broadening of the original plan has been criticised as a lowering of the College standard, it may be regarded rather as an opportunity for further specialization than is often afforded to undergraduates. That the methods used tend to stimulate further study may be inferred from the fact that at other colleges and universities there are more post-graduates from Smith than from any other of the women's colleges. The Literary Course, which does not require Greek for entrance, is at present especially popular, and justly so; for in it a fitting prominence is given to the English language and literature, and the constant literary work demanded develops originality, and insures a facility of expression that has been too sadly wanting in many solidly educated women. If the Classical and Scientific Courses give more strenuous mental discipline, the Literary Course affords scope for originality and brilliancy; and the constant demand for Smith College graduates as teachers of English testifies to the quality of its work. Smith College confers no honors on its students; all graduate alike, save for the difference of degree; and no one can know her college standing till after graduation.

There have always been both men and women on the Faculty; the heads of departments are about equally divided as to numbers; the assistants and instructors are all young women. There has never been a preparatory department.

The founder of Smith College, a lonely woman, whose great desire was to give to other girls that education which she had vainly longed for, could scarcely have foreseen its phenomenal development; could she see it to-day, she might well believe that her dream had come true, and that she had established a permanent institution where young women might achieve her wish for them, and, in very truth, "add to virtue, knowledge."

Working-Girls' Vacation Fund

Previously acknowledged	$3,352 14
Selma	1 00
Mrs. N. W., Douglass, Kan	1 00
E. H. N., Dartford, Wis	15 00
W. D. H., Alpena, Mich	5 00
P. K	2 00
M. N. W., Greenfield, Mass	5 00
One who Believes in Country Air	10 00
W. M. H., Pittsburg, Pa	2 00
A Member of Eliot Church, Newton, Mass	100 00
F. S. B., Montclair, N. J	5 00
W. W. L., Springfield, Mass	10 00
A Friend and Reader, New York	3 00
F. C. D., Madison, Conn	5 00
H. A. W., Greenfield, Mass	10 00
From a Friend, New Haven, Conn	3 00
I. S., Union Springs, N. Y	10 00
Anonymous	1 00
A. B. C., Springfield, Mass	5 00
Nemo, Baltimore, Md	2 00
M. E. H., Titusville, Pa	2 00
From a Friend	25 00
Silver Cross Circle King's Daughters, West Randolph, Vt	14 00
H., Rutherford, N. J	2 00
Total	$3,590 14

Please make all checks payable to The Outlook Company.

Household Notes

Iced Tea.—Mrs. Rorer advises that iced tea be made by making the tea fresh and pouring it directly over the cracked ice. She says that allowing it to cool gradually increases the injurious effects of the tannin.

Milk.—A private company supplies the city of Copenhagen with milk. Trained dairymaids go from dairy to dairy from which the company's milk-supplies come, and investigate the condition of buildings and utensils used, and watch the handling of the milk. At the largest dairies the company keeps one of these maids all the time. The milk is sold at 5½ cents, 4½, 2½ cents per quart; cream at 27 cents per quart. The best milk is for the children; the cheapest, skim milk.

Meat Inspection.—The Chief of the Bureau of Animal Industry of the Agricultural Department at Washington is very active at present watching the operation of the order that all condemned meat should be deposited in the fertilizing tank in the inspector's presence. The Chief of the Department reports the order as working satisfactorily in the West. It is not the large slaughter-houses that menace the public health, but the small ones. The large houses cannot afford the attacks that would be made upon them if they attempted to sell condemned meat. The public health is threatened by the small dealers whose very insignificance is their protection. Right here the housekeeper's responsibility comes in. She ought to know something of the source of supply. She certainly can know the condition of the immediate market, whether it is clean, whether the men are clean who sell it, and she can, by a little trouble, find out from what wholesale dealer his supply comes. In the country the housekeeper is not protected as she is in the city. Neither milk nor meat is subjected to the same tests that are instituted in the city. For that reason the country housekeeper must be more vigilant, and, with her intelligent neighbors, form a vigilance committee.

Time-Table.—The New York "Times" presents the following useful table:

BAKING

Beans, 8 to 10 hours.
Beef, sirloin, rare, 8 to 10 minutes per pound.
Beef, sirloin, well done, 12 to 15 minutes per pound.
Beef, long or short fillet, 20 to 30 minutes.
Beef, rolled rib or rump, 12 to 15 minutes per pound.
Biscuit, 10 to 20 minutes.
Bread, brick loaf, 40 to 60 minutes.
Cake, plain, 20 to 40 minutes.
Cake, sponge, 45 to 60 minutes.
Chickens, 3 to 4 pounds, 1 to 1½ hours.
Cookies, 10 to 15 minutes.
Custards, 15 to 20 minutes.
Duck, tame, 40 to 60 minutes.
Fish, 6 to 8 pounds, 1 hour.
Gingerbread, 20 to 30 minutes.
Graham gems, 30 minutes.
Lamb, well done, 15 minutes per pound.
Mutton, rare, 10 minutes per pound; well done, 15 minutes per pound.
Pie-crust, 30 to 40 minutes.
Pork, well done, 30 minutes per pound.
Potatoes, 30 to 45 minutes.
Pudding, bread, rice, and tapioca, 1 hour.
Pudding, plum, 2 to 3 hours.
Rolls, 10 to 15 minutes.
Turkey, 10 pounds, 3 hours.
Veal, well done, 20 minutes per pound.

BROILING

Chickens, 20 minutes.
Chops, 8 minutes.
Steak, 4 to 8 minutes.
Fish, 5 to 15 minutes.

FRYING

Bacon, 3 to 5 minutes.
Breaded chops, 4 to 6 minutes.
Croquettes, 1 minute.
Doughnuts, 3 to 5 minutes.
Fish-balls, 1 minute.
Fritters, 3 to 5 minutes.
Muffins, 3 to 5 minutes.
Small fish, 1 to 3 minutes.
Smelts, 1 minute.

WEIGHTS AND MEASURES

4 teaspoonfuls of liquid equal 1 tablespoonful.
1 pint of liquid equals 1 pound.
2 gills of liquid equal 1 cup or ½ pint.
2 round tablespoonfuls of flour equal 1 ounce.
4 cups of bread flour equal 1 quart, or 1 pound.
1 cup of butter equals ½ pound.
1 pint of butter equals 1 pound.
1 tablespoonful of butter equals 1 ounce.
Butter size of an egg equals 2 ounces.
10 eggs equal 1 pound.
2 cups of granulated sugar equal 1 pound.
2½ cups of powdered sugar equal 1 pound.

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Telling About the Race

When boys read an account of a yacht-race in the newspapers the day after a great race, they do not realize the amount of care, skill, and preparation which has been required in order to get that news to the papers in time. When you remember that often a yacht-race occurs in the afternoon; that an extra giving a full account of the race is published in the evening; that Sandy Hook is fifteen miles from the city of New York; that the races usually begin at the light-ship, which is eight miles from the point of Sandy Hook, and the same distance from Navesink and Atlantic Highlands, N. J., and between eleven and twelve miles from Coney Island; and that the boats must be watched and every movement noted from the time of the start to the finish—some faint idea of the amount of care, planning, and ability involved may be had. Telescopes are placed on all the prominent points from which a view of the bay and light-ship can be obtained. The glasses are powerful, and the transportation of them a most difficult matter, as they frequently are placed at points where there are no roads and the ground is rough. The glasses used by the men who report the arrival and departure of steamers are not available for a yacht-race. Special glasses have to be transported—glasses of greater power. So strong was one of these glasses that in one of the yacht-races, over a course fifteen miles to windward and return, the time of turning the stake-boat, twenty-one miles away from where the glass was placed, was taken within six seconds of the official time on both of the yachts. The greatest care had to be taken to plant the telescopes so that they would be in full range of the course.

If you take a map you will understand better what is meant. For instance, one course sailed was fifteen miles against the wind and back. Now, that course might be from the light-ship to a stake-boat at a point more or less off-shore from Long Beach on the Long Island side, or on the New Jersey side from Asbury Park, or it might be straight out to sea. If the race was over the first course, Rockaway, Far Rockaway, Long Beach, and Fire Island were the best points from which to see it; if the race was straight out to sea, any of these points might be best, as the yachts in going to windward would have to tack from one shore to the other. Moreover, the glasses must also be so placed as to allow of quick transmission of the reports written. Specially rapid telegraph operators with telegraphic instruments were placed near each glass. Each sentence was telegraphed as it was written. The operators did not wait until the race was over to report at their office, but sentence by sentence every movement of the yachts was recorded.

In addition to these preparations on shore for watching the yacht-races, the yachts had to be followed in boats, and in the America Cup races last year two ocean tugs were chartered. These boats were provided with surf-boats, a life-line, cannon for throwing a projectile ashore, twenty homing pigeons of tested speed, and telegraph operators who could be landed at any point along the Long Island or New Jersey shore. One boat followed the yachts from start to finish. When any movement was made by the yachts, a pigeon was sent off carrying the message. These birds had all been trained and taken out every day and released near Sandy Hook; this accustomed them to the routes they had to travel, and when the race took place they did their errands with speed and precision. One bird took forty-eight minutes to fly from Sandy Hook to Tompkinsville, though the day before the race it took the same flight in only twenty-four minutes. On board of the tugs was a typewriter, which was in constant use, so that, when the bird carried its message on a single sheet of tissue-paper, the copy was ready for the printer. One pigeon carried eight hundred and twenty-one words from a point six miles east of the light-ship to Tompkinsville in forty-eight minutes. From here the messages were telegraphed or telephoned to the city. It is stated that at the time of an accident to one of the yachts one of these birds had carried the news of the accident to Tompkinsville, and it was telegraphed to the newspaper in New York before the committee on the flag-ship knew that it had happened.

The second tug was an errand-boy, so to speak, for the other, and carried copy from that tug to the nearest land, the copy being transferred from one boat to the other in a water-tight tin can. If the waves ran so high that the boat could not be beached, the copy was shot ashore from a cannon, the tin box carrying the copy being attached to a line. Signal-men were also on board these tugs, so that they sent messages to each other. Bicycle-men were stationed along the shore, so that wherever the copy was landed there was a man ready to take it to the nearest telegraph station. At one point, where there were neither horses nor bicycles, a locomotive of the New Jersey Southern road was chartered, and carried the copy to the first station. So you see that the columns of the newspapers represent more than a man watching a race and sitting down and telling about it.

The Strange Story of Johnny

By Lucretia P. Hale

In Two Parts—II.

"Is Johnny hurt? Is my Johnny hurt?" his mother exclaimed, as she went down to meet him.

"He's only all tired out with his work," said one of the men, "and we are bringing him home."

"He has saved me most of my fortune in the way of valuable papers," said another, "and he ought to be brought home in a carriage and four."

"He has worked, ma'am, as though he had three pairs of arms," said the third.

"Why, I met him, ma'am," said the first, "with a pile of crockery in one pair of hands, and a stack of pictures, and a pile of papers from my office that would have saved me even if the whole building had burned down, and where he got the hands to carry them all I can't say."

"It was not merely his hands," said one of the men, "it was his common sense in asking what needed most to be saved, and in going up and down where it would be safest."

"Yes," interrupted another; "he did not leave in the street the valuable pictures that I trusted to him, and he came along just in time to help."

"The building was saved, they said, but all their things were in danger from the water and from the falling in of the timbers," explained Johnny, afterwards, "so they trusted me to carry their most precious things into safe places."

Johnny had a restful night, but he would not go with Will to the ball-game, for he had his plan for the afternoon, and went off early, before noon, his mother giving him a dinner to take with him. She thought he must be too tired to go out for more work after all the excitements of the day before. But he told her that he had made a promise to go, and he wanted to surprise her.

He did surprise her when he came home at night with his pocket full of money—"a day's wages"—that he had earned at his afternoon's work.

"I have been making hay all the afternoon," he said, "for Mr. Stiles, in that queer slanting lot of his, you know, that he got me to mow on last summer. He can't use a machine there. Don't you remember, I went and was tired out with only a little more than an hour's work? And I remembered that Mr. Stiles said that if I only had three pairs of arms he would pay me for a solid day's work because I worked so steady. He has paid me twice what he promised!"

"Oh, Johnny," exclaimed his mother, "how pleased your father will be!"

"You see," said Johnny, "I heard you and father talking about how hard it was going to be paying up the rent this quarter, and so I thought I must go to work and bring in my share."

"Johnny, you always bring in more than your share," exclaimed his mother, "but you must be well tired out."

"I do believe I am," said Johnny, "for by the time I

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got to my second pair of arms I began to feel I must rest off, and wished I had an extra pair of legs to stand upon. But the fresh arms came in very well, and I went at it finely. It was the last hour and a half that went the hardest. I had saved up my regular old front arms for that, which was lucky, for they worked easier than the others, and I was pretty well tired of holding the scythe by that time. But Mr. Stiles came along at the last, and it cheered me up to see him, and he brought me home in his wagon because he saw I was so used up."

"I do think Johnny is too tired," said Mrs. Purley to her husband when he came home at night. "I feel anxious about him; I don't know but we ought to send for a doctor."

"Oh, no," said Johnny; "a night's rest will bring me round."

"I had a visit, Johnny," said Mr. Purley, "from the new friends you made at the fire. I told them that I thought you would need a rest to-night, but they are coming round Monday to see what they can do for you. Mr. Hicks wants to make an artist of you, and the others have a great many plans."

"I don't want to leave school," said Johnny.

"So I told them; but you are too tired to talk about it all to-night," said his father, "and to-morrow will be a day of rest for us all, and we can think it over."

Johnny was glad enough to go to bed. The next morning he came down pale and languid, but without his extra arms.

"I am so glad!" he exclaimed; "they were so heavy, and it is such a comfort to run down stairs on my regular legs, and not to have the weight of all those arms."

He ate his breakfast with a better appetite than he had had for some time.

"I told those gentlemen," said Mr. Purley at last, "that I was not going to have Johnny engage in any more work than he does now, nor as much. He may have as many legs and arms as he pleases, or extra bodies, but one boy can't do the work of all these extra arms and legs—one set of each is as many as he can manage."

"He might have a couple more heads," said Will.

"Oh, dear, no!" exclaimed Johnny, putting his hand up to his own head. "I don't want any more heads to ache as my head is aching now. And I can't think what I should do with them all thrashing about on the pillow as Willie did last night. I did get such comfort in having only one pair of legs and my own dear arms to take care of."

"No," said Mr. Purley, "I have learned a lesson, and we all of us have. We must not shift off upon Johnny or anybody else the work we ought to do ourselves. Johnny has, regularly, his two legs and two arms, and nobody ought to set him to do more work than he can do with those."

"And I hope he'll never have any more," said Mrs. Purley.

"But, besides this," continued Mr. Purley, "every man ought to use his own legs and arms and all his faculties to do his own work, and not shift it off to anybody else. He must do his own work, and can help others. If everybody did this, nobody would have to overwork. We are made with one pair of legs, because one pair is enough for one person."

"And I suppose we have only one mouth apiece," said Mrs. Purley, "and a pair of eyes, so that we can see more than we eat."

"And two ears," said Will, "so that we can hear more than we can talk about—"

"And I am glad," said Johnny, "that we have but one head apiece, for how we should get tired thinking of more things to do!"

"Yes," said Mr. Purley, "one head is enough to manage our own legs and arms, but we must not use it in putting off work on other people's legs and arms. I am sure I have been a great deal better since I have carried my own papers and have done some of my own errands."

"I'll take care of myself, too," said Will. "I hated to see Johnny go round with all those legs and arms. I have been thinking that if I use mine as I ought to, that would take off the need of his having an extra pair."

"I have been a great deal better," said Mrs. Purley, "since I have had a regular walk to Aunt Emmeline every day, and I will keep it up; that will spare Johnny another pair of legs."

"Well, mother," said Mr. Purley, "we've all thought you worked hard enough."

"But I have put off on Johnny," said Mrs. Purley, "a great deal that I might as well do myself."

"You must let me do something," said Johnny, laughing. "I am not the kind to be idle."

"There's plenty for you to do," said Mr. Purley. "Everybody is better for working out his strength, and for working, too, for others. You can find errands enough for yourself, and can 'lap over' to help others, and that is the principle we will all go upon now."

And so the family did ever after.

Will found he was much better for using his own legs and picking out his own books at the library. He went back to school again, and Mr. Hicks, the artist, who had been so pleased with Johnny, found that Will had a talent for drawing, and had him at his rooms to teach him.

The family prospered so that the neighbors came in to inquire what was going on; they could not but agree that the Purley family were right, and that if everybody would do his own work industriously, not only for himself, but would "lap over," as Mr. Purley expressed it, with help for others, there would not be so many people tired out with overwork.

"Let every man use his own legs and arms," Mr. Purley continued to say, "and then everybody will find that he has enough legs and arms. We are made about right, if we use what we have got."

The neighbors all agreed that this was true, and they began using their own legs and arms instead of borrowing other people's. This worked so well that the whole town followed their example.

The hospitals, therefore, were all given up, because nobody slipped down and broke his legs. Everybody took care of his own legs and arms; everybody picked up his own orange-peel and banana skins; even the boys and the policemen never forgot to make the householders put ashes over the ice on the sidewalks in winter; indeed, there were extra ash-bags at the corners of streets and by slippery door-steps, and the policemen helped up the elderly ladies.

Nobody had headaches, for the electric cars passed through the town without noise and turmoil. The back wheels did not slam with a noise on the front wheels, and the front wheels did not jar on the back ones, for even an unnecessary noise was considered an insult. No bells were needed for the cars, as everybody used their eyes, and saw when the cars were coming, and the motor-men used their eyes and did not run over the passengers.

Everybody was punctual; so the plumbers came when they said they would, and attended to the sewer-pipes before the family were down with malaria; and the furnace-men put in the furnace before everybody in the house had got back from the country to take cold. And these men all saved money, because they did not have to buy extra tools to leave around in different houses where they began work and did not finish, for they did finish their work.

The hospitals, therefore, were turned into school-houses, because a great many were needed, as there were no longer any children lounging in the street, breaking their legs in the gutters, or getting run over; but they were glad to go to school and learn how to use their own eyes and legs and arms for their own use and other people's.

And when people came to visit the wonderful town, and asked how this all came about, they were told "The Strange Story of Johnny."

In these days we hear a great deal about reform. Let me give you a piece of advice: the best reform is to make one person better. I need not say who that person should be.—*Vicar of Bromley.*

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For the Little People

Busy Workers

There are five busy workers
Who work with patient skill,
In an industrious manner,
With persevering will.

I.—THE ARCHITECT.

The buzzing bee,
Now you must see,
Is quite an Architect;
For to and fro
She quick doth go,
Her structure to erect.

With wisest skill
And ready will,
She works throughout the day;
Each tiny cell
She fashions well,
And in the proper way.

II.—THE PAPER-MAKER.

Mrs. Wasp is a busy little thing;
She has a small waist and a very sharp sting.
And though you may think it a very strange caper,
She keeps herself busy by making fine paper.

III.—THE WEAVER.

The spider is a Weaver;
She weaves a fairy net,
With magic skill and quickness,
With her little spinneret.

Her web is of such fineness
That none can it surpass;
Can you, my little laddie?
Or you, my little lass?

IV.—THE BUILDER.

The beaver strong a Builder is;
His house, so smooth and round,
Of mud and wood, and often stones,
By water's edge is found.

V.—THE MINER.

Bunny is a Miner,
Who burrows in the ground;
Though it is wisely stated
That gold he's never found.

But, then, the precious metals
Fail quite in charming him;
His pleasure is in mining
A home for Bunnykin.

—*The Child Garden.*

❀

Ready in Time

She was a dear little girl, very fond of pets. She had a kitten, but that did not satisfy her. She wanted a bird, but the possibility of the cat and the bird not becoming warm and intimate friends was the reason she did not have a bird. At last a boy friend of her own age decided that he would raise chickens, and he told her that he would give her one. She was delighted, and began at once to plan its future. She hunted until she found a box she thought would answer for a coop; then she found a dish for water, and another for food. When all was ready, a new thought came to her. When she brought the chicken home, it would have to live all alone, and, of course, it would be lonesome. The little girl was of a very friendly nature, and did not enjoy being alone herself. The poor chicken could not be happy. She had only been promised one chicken, and she could not make that one happy. She went to her mamma.

"Mamma," she asked, anxiously, "are little chickens lonesome when you take them away from their families?"

"Yes, I suppose they are at first."

"Do you think it right to take very little chickens away from their families?"

"Not until they are old enough to take care of themselves; then it is right. Why? Are you going to bring your chicken home now?"

"Oh, no! Why, Bobby hasn't any chickens yet. Why, mamma, the egg isn't even laid yet!"

❀

A Silk-Lined Home

I know a mansion with its queen,
The cutest dwelling ever seen!
Its owner built these walls alone
Of red clay, fair as our brown stone.
'Tis lined throughout with finest silk,
Soft to the touch, and white as milk.
And, lo! without the use of ax,
Hammer, or saw, his skill to tax,
Nor needing e'en a single nail,
'Tis made to meet the wildest gale.
With noiseless hinge its single door
Shuts of itself, and is secure;
A most luxurious retreat,
Large as a hen's egg, 'neath our feet.
What is the little fellow's name
Whose mason-work is known to fame?
(*The Mason Spider.*)

—*Our Little Men and Women.*

❀

Some Things to Learn

Have you ever wondered why, when big folks meet little folks, they almost always ask them, "What is your name?" Perhaps that is the way they think they can begin a conversation. It did not succeed with one small boy, the "Youth's Companion" says. A summer boarder met him, dressed in a gingham waist, long trousers, and big straw hat. "Hello, little boy," said the boarder; "what is your name?" "Same as pa's," said the boy. "What is your pa's name?" "Same as mine." "I mean what do they call you when they call you to breakfast?" "They don't nuvver call me to breakfast." "Why don't they?" "'Cause I alluz git there the fust one." It is important that every little boy and girl should know his or her name, the place called home, and the number and name of the street, if it has these. Often in the city a little child will be taken blocks from his home to a police station because he cannot tell where he lives. You must learn to spell your name as soon as you can, and the address of your home, besides learning to pronounce them distinctly.

I often meet a very attractive-looking little colored girl. She always looks happy and clean. One morning I asked her her name. "Adele," she answered. "Adele what?" I could not understand what she said. "Where do you live?" She did not know. "Well, the next time I meet you I hope you will be able to tell me." The next time I met her I asked. She told me the name of the street, but could not tell the number. It took a week for that little girl to tell her name, and the number of the house in which she lived, and the name of the street.

If she had been lost, she would have had to stay at the station-house until her mother found her. If she knew her name and could tell where she lived, she could be taken right home.

❀

Two Old Dolls

One of the most interesting objects in one of the State buildings at the World's Fair was a doll that had come over in the Mayflower. It had been the doll of generations of little girls, and at the time it was exhibited it was the property of a little girl who was the great-great-granddaughter of the first little girl who had owned it in this country. The doll was made entirely of wood, and was not at all pretty, but was greatly prized by her owner. The "Doll's Dressmaker" tells of a doll much older that is in Rome. This doll, it is said, was carved out of a tree on the Mount of Olives, and was painted by the Apostle Luke. The doll is greatly reverenced. She is kept in a carved manger and is most richly clad. Diamonds and precious stones are used in embroidering her dresses, while strings of the richest pearls are about her neck and arms. The doll is not worshiped as a symbol, but is reverenced because she represents the work of one of the Apostles. She is not pretty.

❀

He Divided His Trousers

A Micronesian mission school-boy had been taught to share his good things with those who had none; he had also been taught to bring to school any lads who did not attend. He put these lessons into practice one day, and made his American teacher, but not the pupils, laugh. In the warm climate of Micronesia grown people wear little clothing, and children often wear none. This boy, however, had a pair of trousers, and was very proud of them. Though he might keep them hung up when at home, he always wore them to school.

On his way to school one morning he met a lad who did not know how to read, nor did he know anything about the God of the foreigners. Here was a chance to do good; and the school-boy invited him along, telling what good he might get by going.

"How can I go to the school of the foreign lady?" said the lad. "I have no clothing to wear, and you have a nice pair of trousers."

"Will you go along if I give you half of mine?" asked the boy.

This offer was too tempting to refuse, and the young heathen made the bargain at once. But how should the garment be divided? The mission scholar soon settled that. The trousers were quickly ripped in half, and then each lad took half. Another difficulty arose. No boy could wear and appear well in half a pair of trousers. But the little fellow soon met the difficulty; for a little later they entered the school-room smiling and happy, each wearing his half tied about his neck as a scarf!—*Harper's Young People.*

❀

Fern-Song

Dance to the beat of the rain, little Fern,
And spread out your palms again,
And say, "Though the Sun
Hath my vesture spun,
He had labored, alas, in vain,
But for the shade
That the Cloud hath made,
And the gift of the Dew and the Rain!"
Then laugh, and upturn
All your fronds, little Fern,
And rejoice in the beat of the Rain!

—*Youth's Companion.*

❀

A Surprised Guardsman

A French paper tells the story of a lady who entered one of the cars of a train holding in her arms a dog. This was against the rules. Dogs must be paid for if they travel on trains in France. The trainman announced:

"Dogs must be paid for."

"Not mine," said the lady.

"No exception can be made, Madame."

"I always carry it in England."

"You cannot in France. You must give up the dog, and pay."

"I will not pay. Can I leave the dog?"

The guard held out his hands and took the dog; it was stuffed!

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Sunday Afternoon

Forgetfulness of God

By the Rev. Albert Foster[1]

Beware that thou forget not the Lord thy God, in not keeping his commandments, and his judgments, and his statutes, which I command thee this day: lest when thou hast eaten and art full, and hast built goodly houses, and dwelt therein; and when thy herds and thy flocks multiply, and thy silver and thy gold is multiplied, and all that thou hast is multiplied; then thine heart be lifted up, and thou forget the Lord thy God, which brought thee forth out of the land of Egypt, from the house of bondage.—Deut. viii., 11–14.

Pausing on the border of the promised land that he was never to enter, Moses, the servant of God and leader of Israel, gave his farewell message to the gathered thousands who were eager to cross the Jordan and claim the inheritance for which they had waited so long. The aged chieftain knew that the hour of his death was approaching fast. No physical warning had reached him as yet; his bodily vigor was still unimpaired; but he had received intimations from Jehovah, the purport of which he could not fail to interpret. With the light of the eternal world already beginning to flash in his face, and its august solemnities brooding over his heart, he spake to his people of the lessons of the past and the hopes of the present and the perils of the future. They were excited, expectant, joyful, the undeveloped children of the present; he, the prophet of the invisible, the seer of piercing insight and far-reaching forecast, was burdened and apprehensive.

That Israel was to be a great nation he had not the least shadow of doubt. He knew the resources of the land into which they were about to enter. He knew the facilities for national development that its isolated position and peculiar environment afforded. He knew the sort of training that his people had received, and the wonderful progress they had already made. He knew the immense superiority of their system of legislation to all systems previously devised in point of moral loftiness and comprehensive application. Above all, he knew that Israel was highly favored of Jehovah, chosen of him to be the instrument for the special manifestation of his glory. All these things combined to point to a career of national greatness at once unique and commanding. Moses needed no further assurance to convince him that his people were marching on to a glorious destiny. And yet, as he thought of the future, his heart was filled with sad foreboding. The reason is plainly indicated in the text. He felt that the material greatness which Israel was to achieve would prove to be its worst snare, and one in which it might be fatally entrapped. Its flocks and herds, its silver and gold, its houses and merchandise, would be greatly multiplied, and then it would be tempted to forget God, to ignore his leadership, and to assert its wanton instincts in conduct both disobedient and hurtful. He does not enumerate in detail the lawless results that would follow, but contents himself with simply indicating the prolific source whence they would all proceed.

That source was forgetfulness of God. In the thought of the lawgiver, that forgetfulness was the explanation of all national sin and the precursor of all national misery. Israel's chief peril lay along the line of its great temporal blessings. The very things that should have inspired its gratitude and confirmed its loyalty were liable to be so perverted as to tempt it to renounce its allegiance to Jehovah and enter upon a course of riotous living. And Israel was no exception in this respect.

We find the same peril lurking in the history of every great nation. The multiplication of resources often leads to the practical forgetfulness of God. As a people, our danger in this matter is as real as was that of ancient Israel. Perhaps we may go further still, and say that in some respects forgetfulness of God has already become a glaring and awful reality. No apology is needed, therefore, for the introduction of such a theme as the one that I propose briefly to discuss, viz.: Some of the perils of our material greatness. Let me not be misunderstood; I am no pessimist. I am not ready to declare that our National experiment is doomed to failure, and to write "Ichabod" on all that Americans hold most dear. As a citizen of this glorious Republic, as a messenger of the Most High, I should be ashamed to stand to-day, amid occasions for National thanksgiving so vast and manifold, and open my mouth only to croak. But nothing is ever gained by shutting one's eyes to false and perilous tendencies. The right thing to do is to face them, in the hope that they may be speedily checked.

What, then, are some of the perils of our material greatness?—for that we are great along material lines no rational person will care to dispute. Nor is there any need to enter upon an analysis of this greatness; that has been so frequently and successfully done that the veriest schoolboy is familiar with the facts and figures involved. Taking the greatness for granted, what are some of its perils?

I. This, first of all: It makes us liable to misinterpret National destiny. At first sight that may seem a small matter, but its consequences are momentous. All history is the simple evolution of the divine purpose. In the interests of that evolution nations rise and fall, governments are called into existence, flourish for a while, then pass away. The dominant idea of a nation's life determines the limit of its existence. If that idea be big enough and vital enough, it is the best guarantee of its perpetuity. Nations that cannot justify their existence by great principles to the maintenance of which they stand unalterably pledged are living on probation; they are weighed in the balance and found wanting, and sooner or later the fatal handwriting on the wall will appear, foreshadowing speedy dissolution.

We all believe that our country has a mission to fulfill. We never tire of talking about her glorious destiny. Yet there is danger that this destiny shall not be rightly apprehended. We overlook the lessons and experiences of the past. The providences which have shaped our history and made us what we are ought to have taught us what God expects us to be and to do. But there are other influences at work to cloud our vision. We are diverted by side issues; we are tempted to elevate means to the dignity of ends; we value instrumentalities for their own sake instead of using them for the attainment of nobler objects. So it happens that National life is largely conducted on the assumption that our chief business is to develop our material resources. We boast more and more about the extent of our territory, the untold wealth to which we are constantly adding, and the magnitude and worth of our mechanical achievements. And these are not to be underrated. We should be ungrateful, indeed, did we speak of them slightingly, or fail to appreciate the immense advantages that they confer. They are National blessings of a high order, and they ought to be valued accordingly. We ought to be thankful for the sort of power that they enable us to wield. But our country was not settled and our Government was not founded in the interests of material greatness, but in the interests of moral and spiritual ideas. The Puritans did not land on these shores to make money. They could have gained that in their native land, and much more of it than they could hope to find here; they sought something far dearer and better. They wanted a field for the development of the highest liberty; they were reaching out, blindly it may be, for a type of civilization such as had not been seen as yet; all unconsciously they were preparing the soil for new spiritual and intellectual forces that should lift the world to a higher plane of thought and life. This is the new mission in history that America was intended to fulfill. She was called into being and set apart to demonstrate the character and possibilities of the highest freedom; to solve the great moral problems and minister to the great moral needs which the development of such a freedom must necessarily involve. Now, our safety as a people lies in clearly apprehending our mission and in faithfully and persistently working it out. We must make our material development minister to it, and not subordinate it to our material development. If we fail to do this, our guarantee of perpetuity is gone. We shall simply follow in the footsteps of the nations that have preceded us, and, like them, in due time, pass

[1] Pastor Baptist Church, Roseville, N. J.

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out of sight. No nation ever evolved a permanent life in the interests of material greatness. It is useless for us to make the attempt, for the verdict of history proves conclusively that it will utterly fail. Ages ago it was shown that material growth, when sought for its own sake, is sure to be followed by corruption and ruin. That is the impressive lesson written on the tombs of Babylon and Nineveh and Tyre. Let us not be beguiled into a repetition of their folly. As a brilliant historical lecturer says, "Make New York a second Carthage, and Boston a second Athens, and Philadelphia a second Antioch, and Washington a second Rome, and we simply repeat the old experiments. Did not the Romans have nearly all that we have, materially, except our modern scientific inventions?"

The misinterpreting of our destiny leads to the dwarfing of ideals. If we fail to read our mission aright, and fix our eyes on some lower goal, we will inevitably choose the path and adopt the methods by which we are most likely to reach it. Hence religious standards are scoffed at as visionary and impractical. Newspapers sneer at "Sunday-school politics" as sentimental and absurd. Civil Service Reform is roundly denounced as a violation of the necessities of successful government. We are getting fearfully sensitive lest a little religion should creep in and clog the machinery of state. We are fond of quoting the Master's words, "Render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, and unto God the things that are God's;" and we want it understood that Cæsar reigns supreme in the whole realm of secular things, while to God belongs the shadowy, intangible realm of the spiritual, which only church people care to explore. We tacitly assume that religion and politics ought to be absolutely and irrevocably divorced. A more ruinous heresy could not be formulated. It is true that government is not established in the interests of religion, nor intended to promote religious ends, but it does not follow that it is independent of religious principles, or that it can ignore religious obligations; neither can it safely forget that "Righteousness exalteth a Nation, but sin is a reproach unto any people." We rightly repudiate any formal connection between government and religion, but, as Professor Diman observes in one of his orations, "In the deeper life of the Nation the spiritual and the temporal can never be divided. The mere Government may be secular, but the State is built on everlasting moral foundations. We may do away with an established Church, but we can never emancipate ourselves from the restraints and obligations of Christian civilization; they are part of our history; they are inwrought into our being; we cannot deny them without destroying our identity as a people."

Woe betide this country if it turn its back on that wholesome doctrine! In that event I greatly fear that God will turn his back upon it. As long ago as 1854 a noted preacher, whose eloquent lips have since been sealed in death, in one of his Thanksgiving sermons apostrophized our National bird in this burning strain: "O thou Eagle, hear the word of the Lord! O thou Eagle, 'thy terribleness and the pride of thy heart have deceived thee, thou that dwellest in the cleft of the rock and holdest the height of the hill, and sayest in thine heart, Who shall bring me down to the ground? Though thou set thy nest among the stars, thence will I bring thee down, saith the Lord God Almighty.' O thou Eagle! from the death-dust of every nation that hath gone down to the grave, from the sepulchers of Nineveh and Tyre and Egypt and Edom, rise shadows for the plumes of thy wing, if thine eye look not full on the great Sun of Righteousness." The dwarfing of ideals is also seen in the increasing tendency to measure success by material results—but of that I cannot speak at length. We are coming more and more to rate men and corporations, and even churches, by their outward development. We honor the aristocracy of wealth, the meanest of all aristocracies. Our systems of education are in danger of becoming thoroughly utilitarian, directed simply to the getting on in the world. Matthew Arnold said of one of our Western cities that it was "too beastly prosperous." The phrase is odiously suggestive, no doubt, but it indicates the danger toward which we are drifting. That danger is the development of a gross civilization, a civilization in which the animal shall predominate. So much for the tendency to misinterpret destiny.

II. Another peril of our material greatness is this: It threatens to obliterate the sense of National brotherhood. That sense of brotherhood is inseparably linked to the highest patriotism. Just in proportion as it is kept pure and strong will people be bound by enduring ties to the government under which they live. Patriotism is not a mere abstract, impersonal idea. It is not simply a love of place, or mechanism, or institutions, or laws. It is all that, but it is vastly more. It lifts its head higher and strikes its roots deeper. Its essential element is untouched till something else is taken into account. You cannot develop it apart from the moral relations which the people of a country sustain to one other. Patriotism is a family feeling, as its very etymology indicates. It teaches us to regard our country as our fatherland, and, as a necessary consequence, to regard each other as brethren, members of the same political household. It refuses to look at the Nation as a heterogeneous collection of individuals working along separate lines, but stoutly affirms a oneness of life, binding together the most dissimilar elements and expressing itself through them in a common spirit and a common aim. This sense of brotherhood is one of our National bulwarks. To a great extent it has made us and kept us what we are. It has been the inspiration of the truest National sentiment. It has tided us over difficulties and made us equal to emergencies. Consecrated in the blood of two of the sublimest struggles the world ever saw, it ought to be regarded as among the most precious of our moral possessions. Ever since the days of the Protestant Reformation we have been emphasizing individuality. The everlasting dignity and worth of the personal life have been strongly and persistently asserted. Its privileges and rights have been clearly defined and jealously defended. The sacredness of personality is recognized as never before. In its development time, labor, and money are lavishly expended. That the effect on society has been beneficial when taken as a whole nobody can doubt. It has been lifted to a higher level. Its life has been broadened and deepened. The best blessings of civilization and culture have been diffused over a larger area than heretofore. A more manly, robust, independent type of character has been developed. The grandeur of American history lies largely in its individual achievements, and this dominant idea bequeathed us by the Protestant Reformation is one of the agencies that has made them possible. I thank God that in these later days the principle of individuality has been so gloriously emphasized. I believe it is here to stay; and no discerning student of history can regret that such is the case. The emphasis placed upon it is right; it is Scriptural; it has the authority of the Master himself. But, like all good things, it is capable of perversion, and I sometimes fear that we are in a fair way to distort it sadly. The truest development of individuality lies in making the ties of brotherhood stronger—in bringing men to see their fraternal obligations more clearly and to appreciate them more keenly. Just in proportion as the individual realizes his own worth he ought to be able to realize the worth of his fellow-men also. And in a government such as ours it is absolutely necessary that he should. Democracy without brotherhood is dangerous, and its danger will become more apparent as time moves on. Speaking in behalf of down-trodden Cuba, twenty years ago, Mr. Beecher pleaded for the brotherhood of nations as the one thing on which the progress of civilization most vitally depended. He said: "This community of feeling among men because they are brethren we need at the present day more than we have needed it at any former period, although the world has in every age groaned and travailed in pain for the want of it." What is good for the nations is good for this Nation; and of all peoples on the face of the globe we are most interested in maintaining our family oneness, and we ought to say to each other, as Abraham said to Lot: "Let there be no strife betwixt thee and me, for we are brethren." But the materialistic spirit is fast drawing us apart. Society is breaking up into hostile factions. The

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struggle for self-aggrandizement is making men oblivious of all interests save their own. Class arrays itself against class, individual against individual. The doctrine of the survival of the fittest finds its most selfish application. The strong do not scruple to use all the advantage that their position puts in their hands, and the weak are pushed to the wall. Competition becomes sharp and merciless. Monopolies grind, and thrive by the grinding. Capital and labor refuse to recognize that their interests are identical, and persist in treating each other as deadly foes. The responsibility does not rest on any one class alone. Rich and poor, capitalist and laborer, are alike responsible. I shall not attempt to apportion the blame. The questions at issue, the problems to be solved, are too complicated and far-reaching for any one but a specialist to deal with. There can be no question, however, of the evil itself, and that it is rooted in the material greatness of which we are so proud. That greatness has generated a spirit to the last degree sordid and grasping. We crowd and jostle each other in the frantic effort to get as big a slice of the rich inheritance as possible. Of course all this weakens terribly our sense of National brotherhood, and in so far as it does, the cohesiveness of our Republic is destroyed. It becomes a mere aggregation of discordant elements, capable at any time of evolving the most gigantic disturbances, and, if unchecked, liable sooner or later to plunge into ruin awful and remediless.

III. Let us briefly notice one other peril growing out of our material greatness. It breeds an outward condition calculated to debase National character. The noblest energies are repressed. There is nothing to stimulate and feed them. Horace Bushnell maintained that barbarism was our first danger. His argument was that we are a young nation, and that our life is constantly reinforced by immigration, the tendency of these two facts being to keep society in a rude, unsettled state. Be that as it may, there is a freshness and vigor in the barbaric period of a nation's history which, if I mistake not, we are already beginning to miss. Indeed, in a large sense we are no longer young. We are the heirs of all the ages; we are the consummate fruitage of all the civilizations that have gone before. We are in the position of the young man who finds himself possessed of a fortune that enables him to begin life where his father left off. We had our struggle, but it was necessarily brief. The rapid development of our resources has put our material life on a level with that of the older nations. Nay, we may go further still and say that the benefits which money brings are here diffused more generally and on a broader scale than in any other country on the globe. This is not an unmixed blessing. If we are not vigilant, it may prove a curse. It may sap the foundation of our heroic virtues, by leaving no field for their discipline and culture; it may lead to effeminacy of the weakest type. Such a result would be neither strange nor unnatural. History would be simply repeating itself. The splendor of Rome's material life was one of the causes of her decay. It took the iron out of the blood of her mailed legions, and unfitted them for facing hardship and danger. We shall pay too dear for our material greatness if we get it at the sacrifice of our nobler life, so that we have neither time nor scope for the exercise of our creative faculties along the higher lines of literature and art. Better to be poor than to get rich at the sacrifice of moral fiber.

Epictetus, himself a heathen and a slave, but so wise that his writings became the chief guide of Marcus Aurelius, the best of the Roman Emperors, voiced a sublime truth in this connection when he said: "You will confer the greatest benefit on your city, not by raising the roofs, but by exalting the souls of your fellow-citizens; for it is better that great souls should live in small habitations than that abject slaves should burrow in great houses." Five hundred years before Epictetus was born, Herodotus, the father of historians, declared: "It is a law of nature that faint-hearted men should be the fruit of luxurious countries; for we never find that the same soil produces delicacies and heroes." We need to see to it that our boasted civilization does not pamper and ungird us. Above all, we need to be on our guard lest it prove a hotbed for the propagation of positive vice. There seems to be a connection between luxury and looseness of morals—not necessarily so, indeed, but the tendency is to establish such connection when vigilance is relaxed. And our own historian Bancroft is quoted as saying that "sedition is bred in the lap of luxury." But let it be remembered that this sermon has not been devoted to predicting disasters, but to pointing out dangers. These dangers, I believe, may be averted. The antidote to the materialistic spirit is to be found in the application of the Gospel along intensely spiritual lines; in maintaining the claims of the everlasting moral verities, and their fitness alone to minister to the higher nature of man; in insisting on the fatherly government of God, and the consequent family relationship of all mankind; in regarding the present as the training-school for an illimitable spiritual future, into which we shall go stunted and debased if we are dominated by the materialistic spirit; and, finally, in the daily recognition of the fact that our country can achieve its truest greatness and fulfill its real destiny only by becoming the exponent of the highest truth that has to do with the advancement of the race.

The Life of Christ

VIII.—Christ as a Conversationist[1]

By Lyman Abbott

It may at first seem strange to us, as it evidently did seem strange to Christ's disciples, that, after moving all Jerusalem by his bold attack upon the traffickers in the Temple, and after preaching to throngs on the banks of Jordan, where more flocked not only to listen but to be baptized than had come to John's preaching, Jesus should seemingly turn his back upon this work, and be next found spending his time in a quiet conversation with an heretical and much-divorced woman. But if we study Christ's life at all thoughtfully, we can hardly fail to note that he dealt with individuals at least as much as with assemblies, and that conversation was the method of his instruction rather than oratory. The story suggested for our reflection today illustrates both his method and his power as a conversationist.

Wearied with his journey, he sits down to rest by the side of a great well, or cistern, with steps leading from the well-curb to the water below. The women come out from the neighboring villages, with their water-pots on their heads, to draw the water for their houses. As he sits there, a woman comes from the village with her water-pot. He opens the conversation with what is the surest road to a woman's heart—he asks her for a favor. "Give me a drink," he says. She draws back astonished. "You, a Jew, ask me, a woman of Samaria, for a drink of water?" By a transition so natural that perhaps we may never have thought that there was a transition even, he turns instantly from material to spiritual things: "If you knew who it is that is talking with you, you would have asked me for living water." She answers with a sarcasm: "Art thou greater than our father Jacob? Give me this living water, that I come no more here to draw, weary and tired." He surprises her with a summons that brings the story of her life instantly to herself: "Go, call thy husband." "I have no husband." "Thou sayest truly thou hast no husband: thou hast had five husbands." She parries the thrust with a change in the conversation. "You are a prophet, I see. Where should we worship—in Jerusalem or in this mountain?" A less skillful conversationist would have pushed his apparent advantage—pressed heavily that which he had brought to bear on her conscience; but not so Christ. Christ allows her to change the topic. He has brought to her own conscience the sense of her sin, and he allows her to change the topic. The time is coming when God will be worshiped neither here nor in Jerusalem. God is a Spirit, and they that worship him in spirit and in

[1] International Sunday-School Lesson No. 12 (September 12). Bible Study Union Lesson No. 8. John iii., 22–36—iv., 1–42. The most important feature in John iii., 22–36 is John the Baptizer's testimony to Jesus as the Christ, and to this I have already referred in Lessons 4 and 6.

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truth, they are his worshipers, wherever they may be. She forgets her errand—forgets that she has come for water; forgets Christ's thirst; forgets everything; and hurries back to the city—ordained in this brief conversation to be a prophet and missionary, and to be the first to preach the Gospel of a Messiah in the Samaritan city.

The first thought that must strike us in this narrative is, as I have already said, Christ's use of conversation as a method of spiritual instruction. I can find in the Four Gospels but five true Discourses; the rest are conversations, or begin as conversations, though they become monologues. The two greatest teachers of all time, Christ and Socrates, taught chiefly by conversation. There is no way to a human heart so direct; and yet none that we treat so lightly, if not contemptuously. The writer gets no response from voice or face. The orator gets a feeble response from a few speaking faces in the audience. But in conversation two souls are opened to each other, and their inner lives intermingle. He who teaches through conversation knows what is received, what rejected, what progress in imparting truth is made. In conversation lies the best and deepest part of our influence; and yet we treat it in so careless and casual a manner that we scarcely think what we are doing, still less what we might do with it.

Not less important to note as characteristic of every good conversationist, as pre-eminently characteristic of Christ, is his broad and catholic sympathies. We open the Gospel of John, and in the third chapter we read the story of Christ's conversation with the Jewish Rabbi. He is on the same plane with the Jewish Rabbi, talks in the metaphors which that Rabbi understands, has an appreciation of his soul-life, and enters into it. We turn the page. We come to a conversation with a woman of Samaria, ignorant, degraded, sinful, not even a Jew, with no apparent community—social, intellectual, or moral—between them, but a great gulf fixed; and yet he has sympathy with her. We turn a few pages further on in this same Gospel, and we find him entering into conversation with enemies. We turn a few pages more, and we find him sitting at the last table with his disciples, friends, and companions, filled with their thoughts, their perplexities, their interrogatories; but in every case alike—with the Jewish Rabbi, with the Samaritan woman, with the hostile Jew, with the friendly disciples—in sympathy, in touch—what we call tact.

Tact—what is it? The touch of one soul with another soul—sympathy. I can talk music a little with the musician, for I am fond of music; less of art with the artist, for I know that less; about theology with the theologian, if he is not too far removed from me theologically; but if I cannot talk with the car conductor, or the brakeman, or the driver, or the hod-carrier, or the day-laborer in my cellar or in my country place, it is because my sympathies are narrow, because, somehow or other, I fail to have that largeness of sympathy which enters into every human life.

We see, too, that Christ's sympathies were as quick as they were catholic. He had sympathy with all men, and he had quick, responsive sympathy. His soul was receptive as well as distributive. He was as quick to receive impression as he was to give it forth. The musician plays on the keys of the organ. They are inert, and answer to his touch. But when the speaker plays on a human soul, he must be keys as well as fingers—he must respond as well as move. The speaker plays on the hearer only as the hearer plays on the speaker. He enters the heart of his auditor only as his auditor enters his heart. So there is no flash of thought, question of perplexity, sorrow, trouble, anywhere, that flings itself out unto Christ that he does not instantly meet. Intellectual genius in this certainly, but something more than that—quick, ready, responsive, answering sympathies, love for all men, love that instantly answers to every human need—longs to alleviate it.

Because he had this quick and catholic sympathy he drew men out. He made them express themselves; oftentimes against their will evoked their doubts, evoked their sins, evoked their difficulties. Men open to him their souls, and tell him what there is of their doubts and disbeliefs. They fling open the door of their hearts and show themselves to him. This is a rare power—this power of drawing men out of themselves—worth more than oratory, more than rhetoric, more than eloquence, more than the skill of the poet, more than the skill of the preacher—this power to get into men's and women's hearts and lives, and enter their secret souls and bring out their natures. He knew what was in man, it is said; and more than once, we are told, he saw them doubting among themselves, and phrased his answer to their doubting. It is said that this was supernatural knowledge, and perhaps it was; yet there was that in him which saw the shadow on the face, which quickly got the impression of another's answering thought, intuitively and instinctively, and, by that power of sympathy which cannot be defined or interpreted, perceived the inward life and met it.

He had, too, that gift—what shall I call it?—poet-gift, prophetic gift, spiritual gift?—which belongs to men who always live in the eternal world, and see how everything physical is a symbol of the eternal. Most of us do not. We are living in the earthy life, and if we undertake to say anything on the subject of religion to a comrade, we have to go out and drag it in; and when we do that we destroy the value of the word which we have spoken. Truth cannot be brought into the court of a man's conscience as a criminal is by a policeman. But when a man so lives in the eternal that everything physical suggests the eternal, the transition is not strange to others because it is not strained to him. So, to Christ, a drink of water suggests the water of life. So, when men come asking him to show another miracle—feeding thousands with bread—he speaks instinctively, simply, naturally, of the bread of life.

We may have quick and catholic sympathies, power to draw men out, and something even of a poetic gift, and be what men call good conversationists, and yet carry only entertainment and good fellowship with us. But Christ did more than that. Conversation with him was always the means and instrument of a noble, a divine ministry.

It is often said that Christ never declined an invitation. He went to all men, to all homes, into all company, into all society. It is true. But wherever he went he carried his message of the love of God. He sat at the table, and when he saw men crowd for the best places, he told them a parable, and bid them not do so. He went with his friends to sit down at the table, and, there being no one to wash their feet, no one willing to take the servant's duty on himself, he girded himself with the towel, washed their feet, and then taught them a lesson of purity and humility. He turned the humblest and least incidents of life into moral lessons. He was always—if one may say so—master of the conversation. He was not carried by its drift wherever it might happen to go, but, like a skillful helmsman having his hand on the helm, guided it in what direction he would have it to go. He did not do this by battle. You may look in the Four Gospels in vain for a debate in which Christ ever took part. He answered questions, but he never fenced. Not by standing for one opinion against another, not by combating, but through the power of sympathy, of touch, of the truth of which he was always and everywhere the Minister and Prophet, he carried the truth into the hearts of men.

One is constantly astonished at the misunderstandings of and the interpretations put upon hymns and the Bible. Among the many recently brought to light are the following from an English paper: "A child in my brother's village school always sang, 'Hark! the emerald angels sing.' The sewing-mistress in my son-in-law's village school, having been told to give up sampler work, as the children's time could be more profitably spent, persisted in the sampler work, and on being reproved said her conscience would not allow her to give it up. 'We are told to "read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest," so I must teach them to mark.' A niece of mine assured her friends that somewhere in the Bible she had read 'about Elijah waiting in a country churchyard;' it appeared she had read 'elegy' 'Elijah' in a reading lesson (no doubt Gray's 'Elegy in a Country Churchyard')."

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The Religious World

New York's Churches

It is common enough to hear New York spoken of as a non-church-going city, yet she has 522 churches, valued at about fifty-five millions of dollars, and having a seating capacity of four hundred thousand. There has been a gain in the last twenty-three years of 188 in the number of churches, and about one hundred thousand in the seating capacity. The gains, however, have not, it is true, kept pace with the enormous increase in population. The following table will show the relative gain in the number of churches in the various denominations:

	1871.	1894.
Protestant Episcopal	74	103
Presbyterian	51	70
Methodist	50	65
Roman Catholic	40	84
Baptist	30	50
Jewish	25	46
Reformed Dutch	20	27
Lutheran	15	21
Congregational	5	7
Universalist	5	3
Unitarian	4	3
Friends	3	2
Miscellaneous	18	41
Totals	340	522

The percentage of increase is seen to be largest among the Roman Catholics, who have more than doubled the number of their churches. The Hebrews come next, the Baptists next, while of the larger denominations the Lutherans and Reformed Dutch show the least ratio of increase.

Religious Persecution

A strange story of religious persecution is told by the Chicago "Herald." It seems that Mr. W. B. Capps, of Dresden, Tenn., a Seventh-Day Baptist, was arrested June 8, 1893, charged solely with performing farm labor on Sunday, and at his trial before the Circuit Court of Weakley County, June 27, 1893, he was fined $10 and costs, amounting in all to $51.80. His case was appealed to the Supreme Court of Tennessee, which affirmed the judgment of the lower court, May 24, 1894, at Jackson, fixing the costs at $58.65, making as a grand total the sum of $110.45, to be served out at the paltry rate of 25 cents a day. This will necessitate the confinement of the prisoner 442 days, or one year and nearly three months. It is stated that Mr. Capps is a quiet, peaceable citizen, a poor man, with a wife and children dependent on him. He does not deny working on Sunday, but says that he did so because he had rested the day before, according to the Bible; "because he recognized his God-given right to labor six days in the week, beginning on the first, as did his Creator; and because, in acceding to the demands of the State to rest on Sunday, he would be denying his Lord." Hence he refuses to pay the fine and costs, regarding them as unjust, since the State is attempting to enforce upon him a dogma of religion, with which it can of right have nothing whatever to do. We hope, for the sake of Tennessee's reputation for intelligence and fair-mindedness, that this account may prove to be inaccurate. It is too late in the century for religious persecution of this sort.

A New Bible for the Blind

There is always a peculiar interest in the furnishing to the blind of religious reading. Their pathetic need of intellectual and religious food and the ingenious ways taken to supply this need alike appeal to the imagination and sympathy. There has just been completed at Louisville, Ky., the only Bible published in the point alphabet to be used by the blind. It consists of 1,839 pages, is in eleven volumes, and was made by the American Printing House for the Blind, which is an annex of the Kentucky Institute for the Blind. The eleven employees of the printing house were engaged on the work for about ten months. The Bibles now in use among the blind, and which have been made for the last forty years, are in the line alphabet. The line alphabet and the New York point alphabet differ from each other in that the former is made up of the Roman letters enlarged and raised on the leaves of the book, so that the blind reader may know them by following their outline with his fingers. With the New York point alphabet each letter is represented by a different number of raised dots arranged in a fixed position. This second method is the easier to learn, and is always taught before the line method, which, however, was the first to come in use. The printing of the new Bible was a very expensive work, and was made possible only by the facts that a legacy of $40,000 was left many years ago as a permanent fund for printing Bibles for the blind, and that Congress pays a subsidy of $10,000 yearly toward sustaining a publishing house for the blind in Louisville (the State of Kentucky furnishing the building). This Louisville publishing house is specially prepared to print point-alphabet books, and sends out the International Sunday-School Lessons printed in that method. The money to pay the expenses of printing these is furnished by private subscription, secured by the unaided efforts of H. L. Hall, a blind man, whose home is in Philadelphia. These leaves have been coming out for a little over ten years, and during that time 4,600,000 have been published.

Juggernath

From childhood we have all read, with feelings of pity and horror, of the atrocities of the Juggernaut (or Juggernath) festival of Serampore and of the crushing beneath the wheels of the idol's car of the devoted and ignorant heathen. Indeed, the very name of the idol has become a figurative literary term in frequent use. Of late years there have been denials of the cruelty attending the festivals, and certainly the poor god is falling into popular disfavor, to judge from the following account given of this year's festival by the Rev. T. E. Edwards:

There was a most marked diminution in the numbers which attended the *mela*. And *this year will ever be memorable as that in which complete failure attended the pulling of the cars.* On the day fixed for the outward pulling to take place crowds assembled to witness the sight, but neither of the cars could be moved. The people tugged and strained, but all to no purpose. Hence the dense crowds had to return home disappointed. This being Saturday, attempts were renewed on the following Monday, and in the one case they were able to drag the car a few yards, more by the help of screw-jacks and pulleys than by the muscular strength of the faithful; but in the other case they completely failed. The pulling of the former very nearly ended in a sad catastrophe. When the car moved, the European magistrate slipped and fell under the car, and was grazed by the wheels as they passed. It was a marvelously narrow escape. The people tried a third day to move the other car, and on this occasion the Brahmans were out on the roads using persuasion, and, if that failed, resorting to threats and even force to compel the people to take hold of the ropes. It was a very amusing sight to witness all this, and to see the men quietly slipping away from the ropes as fast as the Brahmans could send them there. And hence, when the signal for pulling was given, it is easy to imagine what was the result. Of course it ended, as it deserved, in total failure. Hence one car was absolutely not moved an inch, though attempts were made on three separate days to pull it; and the other car was drawn just across the road, where, notwithstanding all the efforts made to draw it back again to its former position on the last day of the festival, it had to remain.

New English Church for Zurich

The need of American and English travelers for some suitable place of worship when in small towns abroad is a very real and pressing one. This has been particularly felt to be so at Zurich. The efforts which for some years past have been made for the erection of an English church there have lately undergone a new and practical development by an offer made by Captain Alcock, of Stoness, Ashurst, Kent, of a sum of $5,000 for building the chancel, upon certain conditions. These conditions primarily involve the purchase of a site, the cost of which is estimated at from 37,500 to 50,000 francs, and a further probable sum of 50,000 francs for building the nave. Towards this a sum of about 11,250 francs is in hand and promised. An earnest appeal is therefore made at this time for means to meet the extremely generous offer which Captain Alcock has made. There is an increasing colony of English and American residents, and the Church is the common meeting-ground of all forms of religious opinion. This is the experience of some years of most cordial help and co-operation; and, further, as the fine system of modern education at the Schools, University, and Polytechnic at Zurich becomes better known and appreciated, the number of English and American students each year increases. It is therefore a matter of the highest importance that these should find in a foreign town a good church with attractive services. Subscriptions may be sent E. Germain, United States Consul, Zurich, Switzerland.

—A new porch and towers are to be added to Trinity Church, Boston, an object for which the late Bishop Brooks left $2,000.

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Gleanings

—The Rev. Amory H. Bradford, D.D., is now in England, having sailed on the Campania on July 14.

—The Rev. Joshua N. Himes, now ninety years old, and said to be the oldest Episcopal clergyman in the United States, took part the other day in the fiftieth anniversary exercises of the Battle Creek (Mich.) Episcopal church. He is still in active pastoral work.

—At the opening of the century, says a recent writer, there were only forty-seven translations of the entire Bible in existence; to-day there are ninety entire translations and 230 partial ones—320 in all. Five hundred millions of the human race now have the opportunity of studying the Bible in regions which knew almost nothing of it before the present century began.

—The editorial committee appointed by the recent Conference of the Jewish Reformed Church in America, composed of the Rev. Dr. G. Gottheil, of New York; the Rev. Dr. David Phillipson, of Cincinnati; the Rev. Dr. Rudolph Grossman, of New York; the Rev. Dr. Jacob Voortzanger, of San Francisco, and the Rev. Dr. Derkowatz, of Philadelphia, have finished the revision of the Union Prayer-Book, and it is now ready for the printers. The work has been in progress for two years.

—The Rev. Dr. J. B. McCullough, editor of the Philadelphia "Methodist," and one of the best-known Methodist clergymen in the Philadelphia Conference, died on July 24 at Chester Heights, Pa. Dr. McCullough was born in Chester County, Pa., in 1823, and for twenty-six years filled various pulpits in the eastern part of Pennsylvania. In 1876 he started a paper called the "Monthly Messenger." In 1883 the "Messenger" was enlarged and renamed the Philadelphia "Methodist." This paper he edited up to the time of his death.

—It is said that the largest Bible in the world is in the Vatican. It is a manuscript Bible and written in Hebrew. The book weighs 320 pounds, and there is a history connected with it. Some Italian Jews obtained a view of the precious volume, and told their co-religionists of Venice of it. The consequence was that a syndicate of Venetian Jews endeavored to purchase it, offering the Pope the weight of the book in gold as the price. Pope Julius II., however, refused the offer.

—Mr. D. L. Moody's coming Bible Conference, from August 1 to 13, will occupy the new auditorium just being completed, where three thousand hearers can be accommodated. One day will be devoted to the consideration of each of the following important subjects, in their order: "The Bible," "Atonement," "Justification," "Repentance," "Faith," "The New Birth," "The Kingdom," "The Holy Spirit," "The Second Coming," "Prayer," "Separation," "Resurrection." Mr. Moody will preside. Dr. James M. Gray, of Boston, will discuss Justification and Repentance; Dr. A. J. Gordon, of Boston, will speak on the Holy Spirit; and Dr. A. T. Pierson on Prayer. Other subjects will be presented by Dr. F. B. Meyer, of London; Dr. David Gregg and Dr. A. C. Dixon, of Brooklyn; Major D. W. Whittle and the Rev. George C. Needham, of Northfield; Professor W. W. White and the Rev. R. A. Torrey, of Chicago Bible Institute.

—A Wellesley correspondent writes us: "We are glad to learn that at least two other colleges are undertaking the support of missionary representatives. Wellesley College has, almost from the first, sustained *both* a home and a foreign missionary. Its first foreign missionary was Miss Gertrude Chandler, of Madura, India, of the first graduating class in '79. Her marriage in 1892, when the Christian Association gave her her wedding in the College Chapel, put an end to this relation. Dr. Julia Bissell, of the class of '85, has now been adopted, and funds have been raised to start her work with a small hospital and dispensary in Ahmednagar, India. The home missionary has been in Utah under the New West Education Commission, or, latterly, a city missionary in New York. Thus Wellesley should be included with Amherst, Brown, and the University of Michigan, in the list of colleges which support missionaries abroad. Our inadvertent reference to Cornell as being alone in this good work has served to bring out in correction some interesting facts.

—The Honolulu "Hawaiian Gazette" of Friday, June 8, publishes the following interview with the Rev. Dr. T. DeWitt Talmage, of Brooklyn, in which he says: "I cannot yet say what will be done about rebuilding my Tabernacle. The late building was as near fire-proof as it could be made, and was the finest structure of its kind in the world. All the newspaper talk of its having been a fire-trap is apocryphal. The fire simply proves that there is nothing incombustible in this world, as will be finally demonstrated, the critics to the contrary notwithstanding. The fire was of a mysterious origin, but I am of the opinion that both it and that which consumed the preceding structure were caused by the electric apparatus used in operating the organ. At one time I had made up my mind to sever my connection with the Tabernacle. I had been there twenty-five years, and that seemed to me long enough for a man to stay in one place. However, I have now decided to remain there indefinitely, and will resume my labors on my return next fall."

—The department of Comparative Religion in the University of Chicago has at present, says the "Biblical World," the advantage of a large loan collection of cultus-implements illustrative of Japanese Shinto and Buddhism, and of Hinduism, made, during a long residence in the East, by Mr. E. Buckley, now a Fellow in the University. It deserves a special mention as a model for other collections. The chief characteristic of the collection is its inclusion of the smaller cultus-implements, which are usually neglected in favor of the more artistically impressive idols. Such cultus-implements, especially those of folk-religion, are usually of quite insignificant intrinsic value, but can be secured only by visits to the temples or localities where they are in use, and are intelligible only to those familiar with the use made of them. These include phalloi in great variety, ktenes, shells, mandrakes, mirrors as sun-symbols, pails for water-cult, fuses for fire-cult, sacred plants, spirit-boats, gods of luck, charms of many materials and applications, divining-rods, sacred pictures, votive gifts, food-offerings, and the like, to mention only the articles belonging to Shinto, among which idols are conspicuous by their absence, with the single exception of the above-mentioned gods of luck, which form an isolated group of mixed and modern origin.

—A report that Cardinal Ledochowski, Prefect of the Congregation of the Propaganda Fide, died at Lucerne, Saturday, turns out to be untrue. The report brings out an interesting account of his life, which we condense: He was educated at the College of St. John at Warsaw, and when but eighteen years of age he received the tonsure and habit from the Bishop of Sandomir. After a course of study at Vienna, he became a member of the Academia Ecclesiastica, founded by Pope Pius IX. for the training of young theological students who had shown distinction in their studies. He fulfilled promises of becoming a leader in theological work, and was appointed Domestic Prelate by the Pope, and was also sent on a diplomatic mission to Madrid, and was auditor of the Nunciature to Lisbon, Rio de Janeiro, and Santiago de Chili. He was nominated Archbishop of Thebes on his appointment, September 30, 1861, to the Nunciature of Brussels, where he remained four years. In 1866 he was transferred to the Archbishopric of Gnesen and Posen, and by virtue of this office was known as the Primate of Poland. He was imprisoned in the dungeons of Ostrono in 1874 for resisting laws made in Prussia against the Church. He was there on March 15, 1875, when he was made a Cardinal by the Pope in secret consistory. Cardinal Ledochowski was released from captivity on February 3, 1876.

Ministerial Personals

CONGREGATIONAL

—Dwight Goddard was ordained at the Second Church of Holyoke, Mass., on July 17; he will engage in missionary work.

—George R. Hewitt, formerly of West Springfield, Mass., has received a call from the Calvinistic Congregational Church of Fitchburg, Mass.

—W. T. Hutchins was lately installed as pastor of the church at Indian Orchard, Mass., where he has preached for two years.

—J. P. Williams accepts a call to the Washington Avenue Welsh Church, Columbus, O.

—R. H. Battey accepts a call to Barnesville, Minn.

—A. H. Heath was installed as pastor of the North Church of St. Johnsbury, Vt., on July 10.

—H. B. Greene, of Hartford, Vt., has resigned.

—Charles S. MacFarland resigns the pastorate of Maverick Chapel, East Boston, Mass., for further study at Yale Divinity School.

—W. Sherman Thompson resigns the pastorate of Washington Avenue Church, Quincy, Mass, to accept a call to East Boston.

PRESBYTERIAN

—W. H. McPherson accepts a call from Three Rivers, Mich.

—J. R. Crosser, of Glens Falls, N. Y., has received a call from the First Church of Albany, N. Y.

—T. H. Rice, of Alexandria, Va., has been called to the First Church of Nashville, Tenn.

—W. S. Barnes, of Kearney, Neb., accepts a call to the First Church of Madison, Ind.

—T. W. Hines has become pastor of the Morningside Church of Pittsburg, Pa.

—J. B. Turner has become pastor of the church at Dover, Del.

OTHER CHURCHES

—George G. Craft, of the First Baptist Church of Worcester, Mass., has resigned.

—D. A. Finch, a Methodist minister of Gloversville, N. Y., died on July 24, at the age of fifty-nine.

—O. P. Gifford, of the Emmanuel Baptist Church, Chicago, accepts a call from the Delaware Avenue Church of Buffalo, N. Y.

—A. H. Huizinga, of the Reformed church, New Paltz, N. Y., has accepted a call to chair of Old Testament Literature and Exegesis in McCormick Theological Seminary, Chicago.

—T. G. Losee has become rector of St. John's Church (P. E.), Parkville, L.I.

—C. T. Raynor has become rector of Grace Church (P. E.), Copenhagen, N. Y.

—C. E. Woodsen has resigned the rectorship of Emmanuel Church (P. E.), Franklin, Va.

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Books and Authors

English Town Life in the Middle Ages[1]

The value of English municipal history has increased greatly during the last decade, since the importance of local records has become apparent. It has been felt that experiences of town life have often given rise to theories of government, and that the performance of town duties has given many a statesman his first knowledge of statecraft.

Although the mediæval municipalities of England were schools of the reformers, although they were centers in which political creeds took form and the love of country was cherished, yet it is only within recent years that they have attracted the attention of the historian, and that the work of Brady, Merewether, and Stephens and Thompson has been revised and supplemented by the more scholarly work of Denton, Gross, and Mrs. Green.

"Town Life in the Fifteenth Century," the most thorough and exhaustive of all the works devoted to the subject of municipal life, is dedicated to the memory of John Richard Green, whose brilliant sketch of early English town life has been to Mrs. Green the model of her work. In addition to the detailed account of town life that Mrs. Green's work furnishes, it shows, among other things, that a change is taking place as regards the historical importance of certain periods of history that have hitherto been estimated at a different value. The fifteenth century was to English history what the first half of our eighteenth century was to American history—a period of dullness and apathy politically, yet one of intense activity industrially and commercially. Each of these periods is destined to stand high in the estimation of the historian, for he will see in each a reconstruction of an older order of things, an enormous increase in material wealth, a development of new relations between industry and commerce. In English history the interest of the fifteenth century centers in the life of the common folk—artisans, tenants, stewards, bailiffs, and all those who worked at home, in manor and town, while the lord was away at war or in the halls of Westminster. Just as the first half of the eighteenth century in our history was a period of economic and industrial transformation which preceded and made possible the later Revolution, so also was the fifteenth century in England a period of economic expansion in which were created the forces that brought about the great Reformation and Revolution of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries.

Mrs. Green has undertaken a work the importance of which cannot be disputed, and she has entered upon the undertaking with a full appreciation of this importance.

"The men of the New Learning," she says, "the men of the Reformation, the men who revealed the New World, were men who had been formed under the influences of the fifteenth century" (I., p. 44). Much of what she says in the chapters on the industrial and commercial revolution will be new to the students of English history who are not familiar with the work of Schanz, Keutgen, and Ochenkowski, of whose researches these chapters are little else than a résumé. This revolution changed England from a country furnishing raw material—and of this period the staple was the exponent—to a country furnishing manufactured goods, while the merchant adventurers, by their active competition with the traders of every country on the Continent, were giving life and importance, hitherto almost unknown, to the shipping interests of England. The victory of the merchant adventurers over the staple, and later over the Hanseatic League and Venice, was brought to completion in the reign of Henry VII., and from this time dates the commercial greatness of England.

At this point Mrs. Green begins her study of the towns themselves, and depicts clearly the conditions that surrounded the men who wrested from other nations the carrying trade of the world. The author, with care and thoroughness, and with an evident admiration for all things democratic, works out the detail of municipal life—the common life; the status of the townspeople; the problems of government; the struggle for freedom by towns on the ancient demesne, the feudal and ecclesiastical estates; the social, industrial, political, and ecclesiastical relations as seen in the town manners, the market, gild, burgesses, mayor, council, etc. Within the mass of details which at times encumbers the narrative we can note those interesting changes which mark the economic revolution: the steady migration from country to town; the thrusting out of owners of land by the owners of capital; the efforts of the town to throw off the feudal claims of king, baronage, and church—a struggle which Mrs. Green not inaptly calls the foreign policy of the town; the downfall of the lesser baronage (in the discussion of which there is a striking condemnation of Warwick, I., p. 258); and, finally, more systematized efforts in the direction of cleanliness, and a new interest in the regulation of the markets, streets, and inns, and in the organization of business. Coexistent with these more purely economic changes were the movements in education; free grammar-schools were founded all over England by the trading classes. This movement ultimately took education out of the control of the Church, and was the starting-point of the common-school system, which our own Colonies possessed, and to the origination of which they have laid too dogmatic a claim.

These generalizations are most interesting and valuable, but one must glean them from a mass of detail that makes these volumes wearisome to read. The author prolongs the chapters by analytical accounts of the doings of this and that person, by minute descriptions of this and that event, and in so doing she destroys the proportions of her work. She not infrequently diverts the attention of the reader from the main interest of the chapter by treating of matters of secondary importance; thus, for example, in discussing Shillingford's work for Exeter she narrates his life in London. The difficulty seems to lie in the fact that Mrs. Green attempts to combine description and criticism; she has gathered many facts for the curious, but she frequently fails in a scientific treatment of them; she draws her deductions very ably, but on disputed questions, particularly in her controversy with Gross, her arguments do not carry conviction. Her work at times approaches dangerously near a compilation; we read but do not learn; we are engulfed in details which, though interesting and valuable in themselves, are too minutely discussed to aid the development of the main idea; this, on the whole, destroys the unity of interest and of action. The style, too, lacks variety, and becomes monotonous; for in the same majestic way the author treats of the activity within the town market and of the sweeping of the Adventurers over the Eastern seas. She seems at times to strain for effect rather than for the expression of a simple historical truth—a fact that lessens rather than increases the value of the matter contained within these two bulky volumes. There are great possibilities in Mrs. Green's subject, and the work she has done is good; but we cannot say that, in style, treatment, and conclusions, she has succeeded as a stronger scholar would have done.

[1] *Town Life in the Fifteenth Century.* By Mrs. J. R. Green. 2 Vols. Macmillan & Co., New York. $5.

Socialism and Social Reform[1]

In his latest volume Professor Ely attempts to formulate a programme of social reform through which whatever is good in Socialism may be realized and whatever is evil may be averted. That such a formulation is timely no one who watches the current of thought among the uncomfortable classes can question. The very fact that the comfortable classes have treated Socialism as such a bugbear, and decried as "a step toward Socialism" every measure by which the State has undertaken to promote the welfare of the rank and file of the people, is giving Socialism a popularity that is perilous. It is the part of prudence as well as of humanity to consider each socialistic reform upon its own merits, in the consciousness that if we accept the

[1] *Socialism and Social Reform.* By Richard T. Ely. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York. $1 50.

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measures that are reasonable we need not fear the measures that are unreasonable. As Brentano has pointed out, there has never been a time when the collective action of the State to promote common interests has not had a larger or a smaller rôle to perform. How large it shall be or how small it shall be is a question to be determined by the common sense of the people of each age, and not by any *a priori* doctrine that the State ought to do everything or ought to do nothing. Professor Ely, in the work before us, discusses with common sense the advantages and disadvantages of collective action, and the probability of favorable results should it be tried in the various industries in which it is now demanded by the farmers' unions in the West and South, and the trades-unionists in the East and North.

In general, it is the conservatism of Professor Ely's recommendations which will impress those who are aware of the persecution to which he has been subjected by intolerant partisans of the present order. The sphere for collective action, he holds, is in the industries where there is naturally a profit over and above the normal payment for labor and the normal interest on the capital invested. There is surely no revolutionary Socialism in this proposition. The industries which come under this head are, of course, those in which free competition means the useless duplication of plants without relief to the community. Gas-works, water-works, street railways, are the municipal industries in which the common interests could be protected by common ownership, and the telegraph, the express, and the railroads are the National industries in which the common interests could be protected by common ownership. Beyond these industries Professor Ely would have the State interfere only in so far as the public health or public education demanded. For the sake of public health he would consider experimentally how far the hours of labor could be shortened, and for the sake of public education he would have the public establish savings banks within the reach of every citizen. The first of these measures has already been accepted by a majority in the English Parliament, and the second of them has been accepted by nearly every civilized country except our own. We heartily commend this book to the consideration of all students of social problems, and especially to those who are considering the moral question how far the ownership of property is a right and how far it is a public duty.

In his last book, *Prose Fancies* (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York), Mr. Richard LeGallienne is at his best. Yet it is a volume of uneven quality. Some of the essays are wonderfully strong, as, for instance, "A Spring Morning," "Life in Inverted Commas," "A Borrowed Souvenir," "The Devils on the Needle," "Apollo's Market," "Transferable Lives," and "White Soul;" others are merely exuberant with a boyishness hinting at little of maturer talent; others are fairly amusing, and a few fall flat. As a whole, while the book is wordy and full of mannerisms, its pleasantly whimsical, conversational tone will perhaps insure it a greater popularity even than has come to Mr. LeGallienne's more recondite "Religion of a Literary Man." There is a self-revelation here. In other words, the author seems more "at home" in this latest of his books, and we bid him God-speed in his business of "growing dreams for the London market." Blessed dreams some of them are. For example, we read:

> I sometimes have a fancy to speculate how, supposing the matter still undecided, I would like to spend my life. Often I feel how good it would be to give it in service, . . . just to offer it as so much capital for whatever it may be worth. . . . The weary clerk, the sweated shopman, the jaded engineer—how good it would be to say to any of them, "Here, let us change places a while. Here is my latch-key, my cheque-book, my joy, and my leisure. Use them as long as you will. Quick, let us change clothes, and let me take my share of the world's dreariness and pain!" Or to stop the old man of sixty as he hobbles down the hill, with never a thought of youth or spring in his heart, not a hope in his pocket, and his faith long since run dry—to stop him and say, "See, here are thirty years; I have no use for them. Will you not take them? If you are quick, you may yet catch up Phyllis by the stile. She has a wonderful rose in her hand. She will sell it for these thirty years; and she knows a field where a lark is singing as though it were in heaven." To take the old lady from the bath-chair, and let her run with her daughter to gather buttercups or make eyes at the church gallants. Oh, this were better far than living to one's self, if we were only selfish enough to see it. But best of all were it to go to the churchyard where the dead have long since given up all hopes of resurrection, and find some new grave, whose inhabitant was not yet so fast asleep but that he might be awakened by a kind word. To go to Alice's grave and call, "Alice, Alice," and then whisper: "The spring is here. Didn't you hear the birds calling you? I have come to tell you it is time to get ready. In two hours the church-bells will be ringing, and Edward will be waiting for you at the altar. The organist is already trying over the 'Wedding March,' and the bridesmaids have had their dresses on and off twice. They can talk of nothing but orange-blossom and rice. Alice, dear, awaken! Ah, did you have strange dreams, poor girl—dream that you were dead? Indeed it was a dream—an evil dream." And, then, as Alice stepped bewildered homewards, to steal down into her place and listen, and listen, to the sound of carriages roll towards the gate, listen till the low hush of the marriage service broke into the wild happy laughter of the organ, and the babbling sound of sweet girls stole through the church porch; then to lie back and think that Alice and Edward had been married after all—that your little useless life had been so much use, at least: just to dream of that awhile, and then softly fall asleep. Ah, who would not give all his remaining days to ransom his beloved dead?—to give them the joys they missed, the hopes they clutched at, the dreams they dreamed! O river that runs so sweetly by their feet, when you shall have stopped running, will they rise? O sun that shines above their heads, when you have ceased from shining, will they come to us again? When the lark shall have done with singing, and the hawthorn bud no more, shall we then, indeed, hear the voices of our beloved, sweeter than song of river or bird?

This volume of prose-poetry, so full of good and not-so-good things, yet all of them entertaining and many helpful, is dedicated to the author's wife. "My prose for her poetry," he begins the volume. "Just to grow more worthy of her was I put in the world," he ends it. But, alas! while "Prose Fancies" was in press, "White Soul" passed from earth:

> What is so white in the world, my love,
> As thy maiden soul—
> The dove that flies
> Softly all day within thine eyes,
> And nests within thine heart at night?
> Nothing so white.

—

Following his stories and novels of very unequal merit, Mr. Gilbert Parker, an Englishman by birth, but who knows this country, who has resided in Canada and Australia, and who has acquired thereby a cosmopolitan touch, has now issued a volume of thoroughly delightful quality, *A Lover's Diary*. It is exquisitely published by Messrs. Stone & Kimball, of Cambridge, and the charming frontispiece is one of Mr. Low's most characteristic sketches. "A Lover's Diary" is a book of sonnets. They are to be read at leisure, to be sipped and not swallowed, for they are dainty, they are delicate, and they are distinctly poetic. The theme is an old one, but it is also of perennial interest, and, while the musician constantly recalls the same motive, he modulates his tones with such skill that we seem to be listening to new music. It seems, perhaps, too exalted praise, yet some of these lines might be compared to Mrs. Browning's "Portuguese Sonnets." Take, for instance, the first of Mr. Parker's verses:

> As one would stand who saw a sudden light
> Flood down the world, and so encompass him,
> And in that world illumined Seraphim
> Brooded above and gladdened to his sight;
> So stand I in the flame of one great thought
> That broadens to my soul from where she waits,
> Who, yesterday, drew wide the inner gates
> Of all my being to the hopes I sought.
> Her words come to me like a summer-song
> Blown from the throat of some sweet nightingale;
> I stand within her light the whole day long,
> And think upon her till the white stars fail:
> I lift my head towards all that makes life wise,
> And see no further than my lady's eyes.

Or this:

> And God is good, I said, and Art is good,
> And labor hath its rich reward of sleep;
> And recompense will come for all who keep
> Dishonor's ill contagion from the blood.
> And over us there curves the infinite
> Blue heaven as a shield, and at the end
> We shall find One who loveth to befriend
> E'en those who faint for shame within His sight.
> And down the awful passes of the sky
> There comes the voice that circumvents the gale,
> That makes the avalanche to pass us by,
> And saith "I overcome" to man's "I fail."
> "And, peradventure, now," said I, "the zest
> Of all existence waits on His behest."

—

The late James Blades was born near London in 1824, and at the age of sixteen entered his father's printing-office. When James was thirty-four years old he began teaching others through the press, and in 1861 his monumental work on "The Life and Typography of William Caxton" appeared, marking an epoch in English biography. It is to be hoped that the lack of an accurate account of early printed literature will not continue much longer, and that some one will do for Pynson and for Wynkyn de Worde what Blades has done for Caxton. It has long been a mooted question whether the invention of printing by movable types came first from Germany or from Holland. Blades's articles on this subject were of great interest, and he showed that the Caxton printing pedigree must be traced to a Dutch rather than to a German source. The printer and author died in 1890, having ready for publication a popular work called

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"The Pentateuch of Printing." In 1891, edited by Mr. Talbot Reed, this was published. Some of Blades's miscellaneous articles are now collected into a charmingly printed little volume entitled *Books in Chains* (A. C. Armstrong & Son, New York) and prefaced by Mr. Henry Wheatley. It includes two essays on "Books in Chains," and others on "Signatures in Books," "The Early Schools of Typography," "Who was the Inventor of Printing?" "De Ortu Typographicæ: Coster *versus* Gutenberg," "Early Greek Types," and "The First Printing-Press in England." The volume appears in "The Book-Lover's Library," and is a worthy addition.

It is growing to be a serious question with ministers and candidates for the ministry to say in what sense and to what extent the formularies or the general consensus of their several communions demand of them an assent to the inspiration and inerrancy of Holy Scripture. *The Higher Criticism: An Outline of Modern Biblical Study*, by the Rev. C. W. Rishell, A.M., Ph.D., with an introduction by Professor Henry M. Harman, D.D., LL.D., is a remarkably clear, though brief, exposition of the matter. "The purpose of this book is neither the defense nor the denunciation of the higher criticism; nor did its purpose admit of an attempt to refute the arguments by which the conclusions recorded were sustained. Our aim has been to state the critical problems and their proposed solutions, without any attempt to estimate their importance, correctness, or tendency." On the whole, the general purport of the book is slightly conservative, and the effect of reading it will depend largely upon the prepossessions that the reader brings to it. The author regards the German critics with more favor than those of the Dutch, Swiss, and French schools. May we be permitted to add that this is a remarkable and significant book to emanate from the Methodist Church? (Hunt & Eaton, New York.)

A recent addition to the Muses Library is *The Poems of William Blake*, in one volume. This selection contains everything that any intelligent reader of English poetry needs to read from Blake's verse. The purely poetic work is given almost entire, while the extracts from the mystical work are sufficiently full for all practical purposes, and appear to have been very judicially made. The editor, Mr. W. B. Yeats, was one of the editors of the Quaritch collections of Blake, and is one of his most devoted students and enthusiastic interpreters. The volume is furnished with an excellent introduction, which takes account, in an intelligent way, of the various aspects of Blake's genius and temperament, without attempting to pass any comprehensive judgment on the value of his literary work or his place as a poet. There are also biographical and critical notes.

Once more the old controversy is invoked by the publication of another book about the authorship of the "Letters of Junius:" *Junius Revealed*, by his Surviving Grandson, H. R. Francis. (Longmans, Green & Co. New York.) Let us grant that Philip Francis was the author of the Junius Letters, and then and there let us rest the matter, and press on to newer and fresher issues. Let us trust firmly and practically that Mr. H. R. Francis is entirely accurate in calling his composition "Some *last* words on the authorship of the Junius Letters." For the rest, Mr. Francis's effort is perfectly blameless as a literary and historical essay, enriched with facsimiles and family pride.

Literary Notes

—Mr. Hall Caine's new novel, "The Manxman," will be issued next autumn.

—In writing her memoirs, Eugénie, ex-Empress of the French, has arranged that they shall not be published until five years after her death.

—The "Cambridge Companion to the Bible," recently reviewed in these columns, was credited by mistake to Messrs. Macmillan & Co. The agents for the work in this country are Messrs. James Pott & Co., New York City.

—The death is announced of Marie Sophie Schwarz, one of the most popular of Swedish novelists. She was seventy-five years old. Perhaps her best-known romance is the one entitled "The Man of Birth and the Woman of the People."

—An English translation of Ernst Eckstein's "Monk of the Aventine" is announced. It is high time that Eckstein should be read in other countries besides his own, where he enjoys a deserved popularity both as a historical novelist and as a writer of humorous essays.

—College libraries in America are increasing their lists. The Johns Hopkins library has now 60,000 volumes; that of Amherst, 61,000; Brown, 73,000; Dartmouth, 75,000; University of Michigan, 80,000; Lehigh, 90,000; Princeton, 91,000; University of Pennsylvania, 100,000; Cornell, 150,000; Columbia, 165,000; Yale, 180,000; University of Chicago, 250,000; and Harvard, 430,000.

—That eminent German jurist and publicist, Rudolf von Gneist, now nearly an octogenarian, has just published a comprehensive monograph on "The Three-Class Electoral System of Prussia." Prince Bismarck once called this system "the worst ever conceived by the mind of man."

—M. Maurice Maeterlinck has contributed the preface to a French translation of Emerson's essays, in which he says of the New England sage: "He is nearer than any other to our daily life. Of all monitors he is the most attentive, the most industrious, the most honest, the most fastidious, perhaps the most humane."

—It is reported that Mr. J. M. Barrie and Miss Mary Anstell were married three weeks ago at Kirriemuir, the residence of Mr. Barrie's parents, where, as every one knows, the author of "A Little Minister" has long been very ill. It will not be forgotten that Miss Anstell played a principal part in her future husband's comedy, "The House-Boat."

—On July 23 a bronze plate bearing the following epitaph was set into the rose-quartz bowlder which marks Emerson's grave in Sleepy Hollow Cemetery, Concord, N. H.:

RALPH WALDO EMERSON
Born in Boston, May 3, 1803
Died in Concord, April 27, 1881
"The passive master that lent his hand
To the massive soul that o'er him planned."

—Of Hawthorne's well-known diffidence, Dr. Holmes said recently: "It was always an adventure whether one would succeed in enticing Hawthorne into anything like communicative intercourse. He went his solitary way through life like a whale through the crowds of lesser fishes in the sea. You might stand in your boat and hurl your harpoon at him as he passed—it was hit or miss. If you succeeded in bringing him to, he was genial enough company for a while in his abstracted Olympian way. If you missed him, you would hardly have another chance for a year."

—French literature has suffered a great loss in the death of Leconte de Lisle. He was born in 1818 on the Isle de Réunion, but early in life came to Paris. At first he was one of Fourier's disciples, but soon abandoned that philosophy to found himself and his work upon classic models. In 1886 he succeeded Victor Hugo as a member of the Academy. His works are: "Poèmes Antiques" (1852), "Poésies Nouvelles" (1854), "Poèmes Barbares" (1862), and "Poèmes Tragiques" (1884). Almost equally well known are his sympathetic translations of Homer, Hesiod, Æschylus, Sophocles, Euripides, Anacreon, Theocritus, and Horace.

—The "Westminster Gazette" prints the following pertinent lines:

Tell me, Mrs. Sarah Grand
(What I ill can understand),
Why your men are all so horrid,
All with a "retreating forehead"?

Why your women all are decked
With every gift of intellect,
And yet—invariably wed
These knights of the retreating head?

She, as bright as a geranium;
He, a simian type of cranium—
Why, with decent chaps all round her,
Choose an atavistic Bounder?

We are apes—well, let that pass;
Need she, therefore, be an ass?
Tell me, tell me, Sarah Grand,
For I do not understand!

—On July 16 the bust of Keats presented by the American Memorial Committee was unveiled in Hampstead Church by Mr. F. H. Day, the secretary, who explained the origin of the movement. Mr. Edmund Gosse replied for the English authors. He also read a sonnet by Mr. Theodore Watts and a letter from Mr. Swinburne, who, after expressing gratitude for this American tribute to Keats's genius, wrote: "All Englishmen to whom poetry is not an unknown quantity must feel that no expression of fraternal sympathy could be more graceful, precious, and just." There were also addresses by Lord Houghton, the Viceroy of Ireland, and by Messrs. Francis Turner Palgrave and Sidney Colvin. A short religious service, conducted by the vicar of Hampstead, closed the exercises. In the churchyard are buried Joanna Baillie and Constable, the artist. Between the church and Keats's actual haunts is the house of Mr. Walter Besant. While Keats's earlier days were spent in John Street, his later ones were in Well Walk. His favorite stroll was in a neighboring avenue of limes (still known as "Keats's Avenue"), where he loved to walk and talk with his friends, Leigh Hunt and Samuel Taylor Coleridge.

[For list of Books Received see page 193]

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Correspondence

Strikes and Schools

To the Editors of The Outlook:

In The Outlook for July 14 the editorial, "The Strike: Our Present Duty," asks the question, "Is a common-school system which boasts that it makes no attempt to educate the conscience an ideal preparation of its pupil for self-government?"

Quite recently the same idea came to my notice in an insignificant paper, and I felt that the contributor was unfair or prejudiced; but when The Outlook, in whose able editorials I place so much confidence, expresses the same opinion, I confess that I am at a loss to know upon what they base their criticism.

I do not understand that the school does make that boast. I have been a public-school teacher in Maine, New Hampshire, and Massachusetts, am still connected with the schools through my husband, who is a teacher, and I know of no conscientious teacher who does not consider his work well-nigh a failure if his pupils have not learned lessons of cleanliness, faithfulness, and honesty in work, thoughtfulness for the rights of others, patriotism, obedience to authority, and, finally, self-control. The government of our schools has become largely self-government.

Teachers' conventions are sure to spend part of their time discussing the moral side of the teacher's work; school reports always refer to the characters of those selected to train the future citizen. A former pupil's comment on a teacher, that she seemed "to care more for our brains than for us," would seem to be the exception to the general rule that teachers are interested in and work for the pupil's whole development.

I feel sure that your question will cause a twinge of sadness and discouragement to the teachers who read the editorial. While recognizing the many deficiencies and some of the possibilities of our public schools, I fail to see how our schools suggest, far less boast, that in their training they ignore the conscience. L. M. S.

A sharp distinction has been made, at least in many sections, in the theory of the public school between the secular and the religious; and the teacher has been warned against affording any moral or religious instruction in the school-room. Is our correspondent familiar with the famous Wisconsin decision that the Bible could not be read in the schools because it was both a theological and a sectarian book? Teachers have in many instances exerted a splendid moral influence over their pupils, but it has been not by reason of, but in spite of, the system.—THE EDITORS.

—

Arbitration Again

To the Editors of The Outlook:

In your issue of July 21 you say that there was nothing to arbitrate between the Pullman Company and its employees, for two reasons: "(1) The proposal for arbitration should precede, not follow, a strike; (2) as a basis for arbitration there must be some recognizable demand to be submitted to the arbitrators." Are these arguments sound? If the question at issue is in its nature a proper subject for arbitration, the failure to arbitrate before striking cannot deprive it of this character, and therefore cannot so change the mutual rights and obligations of the parties as to excuse a refusal to arbitrate which would have been unreasonable had an offer been made before the strike. (1) The second argument is based upon the statement that "it may be that the Pullman Company was morally bound to pay higher wages than it was paying, and to continue the employment of its men even at a loss; but the men had no right, morally or legally, to demand such employment." But every moral duty has its correlative right. If I owe a moral duty to my fellow-man, he has a moral right to require me to perform it. (2) It seems plain that, if the Pullman Company was morally bound to pay higher wages, that it was a duty which it owed to its employees, who therefore had a moral right to demand that it perform that duty. Otherwise no question of wages involves a recognizable demand which can be submitted to arbitration. And this duty does not involve an obligation on the part of a private employer to give employment against his will, (3) for he owes no one the duty of employing him, any more than the employee owes the employer the duty of continuing in his employ. It merely requires the employer, if he employs any one, to pay him a fair rate of wages.

The question whether the nature of the employment is private or public merely affects the question indirectly. If the employment is a public one, both employer and employees, in addition to their duties to each other, owe a duty to the public, and the public has a right to demand that they perform this duty; and whenever, in their disputes between themselves as to their mutual rights and duties, they carelessly neglect or willfully violate their duty to the public, that public, by its officers, must enforce the performance of this public obligation on the part of both employer and employees, but cannot allow them, in so doing, to violate their obligations to each other. F. L. N.

1. After the South began the war, Abraham Lincoln was right in refusing to entertain any negotiations for peaceful arbitrament until they laid down their arms.

2. This proposition we deny. The fact that I ought to give food to a hungry man does not give him a right to require me to give him food. There are many moral obligations which involve no correlative moral right.

3. The demand of the Pullman employees was for employment, after the company had closed its works; and the question to be arbitrated was whether they ought to reopen the works on the old scale of wages.—THE EDITORS.

—

Ten "Iotas"

To the Editors of The Outlook:

Your correspondent E. S. Smith, of the Texas Conference, in correcting your statement concerning the appointment of a commission by the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, to examine the Articles of Religion to ascertain if they have been tampered with, writes: "*These* [the Articles of Religion] *have never been changed an iota since they were drawn up by Mr. Wesley.*" In this statement Mr. Smith is mistaken.

Article I., "Of Faith in the Holy Trinity," as printed in the "Sunday Service-Book," as prepared by Mr. Wesley, read: "There is but one living and true God, everlasting, without body, parts, or passions; of infinite power, wisdom, and goodness; the Maker and Preserver of all things, both visible and invisible. And in unity of this Godhead there are three Persons of one substance, power, and eternity: the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost." As reprinted in the edition of that service edited by T. O. Summers, D.D., and appended to the Hymnal of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, published in 1867, the word "passions" is omitted from the article. So is the phrase "begotten from everlasting of the Father," in the Second Article, "Of the Word or Son of God who was made very Man."

Likewise in Article XIV., "Of Purgatory," where the "Sunday Service-Book" read "pardons"—the equivalent of the Latin *de Indulgentiis*—the Methodists now print "pardon."

In Article XVIII., "The Lord's Supper," where Mr. Wesley read "mean" (Lat. *medium*), the Southern Methodists now read "means."

Moreover, between 1808, when the powers of the General Conference were defined and restricted, and the present time, *six* other minor changes have been made in the Articles.

The fact that such changes have been made is well known to all students of Methodist history. Upon the importance of the changes this is not the proper occasion to comment. But that, taken together, they amount to more than "an iota," will, I suppose, be generally conceded. In the interests of accuracy I call your attention to them.

GEORGE H. MCGREW.
St. Bartholomew's Parish House,
New York City.

Our correspondent clearly shows that there have been verbal changes in Wesley's Articles of Religion, but just as clearly proves that they carry no more ecclesiastical weight than an iota. Indeed, they are so slight that they explain the feeling of the radical Methodist clergyman who once exclaimed: "If we are going to have a Pope, in the name of common sense let us have a living, not a dead one!"—THE EDITORS.

—

What is a Living Wage?

To the Editors of The Outlook:

In The Outlook of July 21 "A. C." asks the question, "Has Labor a Right to a Living Wage?" The trend of "A. C.'s" remarks leads me to believe that he has some notions about the relation of capital and labor that ignore certain factors in the problem. And the factors which he ignores are the ones seldom dwelt upon by social reformers.

What is a "living wage"? If the living wage is a definite quantity, a census of workingmen could be taken to ascertain how many do and how many do not receive a living wage.

I take it that "A. C." means that workingmen in general are not receiving their rightful proportion of the results of their work. But do not the same conditions, in the main, determine rates of workingmen's wages as determine the rates of fare on Pullman's coaches? Mr. Pullman is governed in the one case by the desire and financial ability of people to ride in his cars, in the other case by the supply and demand of the labor market.

I believe it is impossible to say whether or not any worker is receiving a living wage. It is altogether a matter of conjecture, depending on the view of life each individual has. "A. C." may say that there are thousands of men, especially in our large cities, who do not receive a living wage, who lack the decencies and comforts of life, even the necessities. That is true. But let us analyze a little to see if a good deal of the trouble comes from without or from within the workingman. By implication, "A. C." assumes that the workingman's troubles come to him through circumstances over which he has no control.

Let us take an average one thousand workingmen and ascertain, if possible, how many use tobacco, beer, and liquor; how many are improvident, living up to the last cent of their income and making no provision for adverse times. The workingman who must have drink and tobacco, who resents economy as a slavery, will never find, no matter how large his income, a "living wage."

Again, are not workingmen, and not only workingmen, but people in all walks of life, made discontented by a continual harping of the social reformer on contrasts? There is the bricklayer or carpenter on the one side, the millionaire on the other. See the contrast! And yet each is a mortal man. Stripped of wealth, the carpenter may be much the better man of the two. This discontent comes from measuring the value and happiness of life with a dollar; as if I, who am worth but a thousand dollars, were but a hundredth part as happy as my neighbor, who is worth a hundred thousand.

Again, did "A. C." ever consider how both capital and labor are dependent on ability? Supposing a million dollars were given to me, and a thousand workingmen stood before me asking for work. How useless these two factors would be in my hands! I have not the necessary ability and training to invest that million dollars in any line of production so as constantly and successfully to employ these thousand men. Neither could these thousand workingmen so invest it, unless they were endowed, in addition to their ordinary ability, with that rare ability to select and conduct a great business in a continuously successful progression.

I will agree with "A. C." that there is such a thing as a labor problem; that in many ways capital is a great sinner; that in our social and political life great injustices are done to the workingmen. But to my mind the great mistake social reformers make

A pure cream of tartar powder.
Cleveland's
Pure and Sure.
Baking Powder
Absolutely the Best.

I Can't Sleep

I am all tired out—say many people now. This means that the nervous system is out of order. Hood's Sarsaparilla is needed to purify and vitalize the blood, and thus supply nerve strength. Take it now. Remember

HOOD'S Sarsaparilla CURES

"I could not sleep, even when I was tired, and when I got up in the morning I felt worse than when I went to bed. Since taking Hood's Sarsaparilla I can sleep and feel thoroughly refreshed. Hood's Sarsaparilla has entirely cured me." JOHN CRAIG, 22 Wyatt St., Somerville, Mass.

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is in forgetting the individual. Can there be a living wage for the workingman who squanders his wages? Look at our National drink bill. Who is the workingman's worst enemy? His own appetite.

P. C. L.

—

Comments on Pope

To the Editors of The Outlook:

In your issue of July 14, 1894, occurs a use of the familiar quotation, "Order is Heaven's first law," which reminds me of other similar instances that have come under my observation. I once saw it in a school-room, over the top of a large blackboard, where it was placed by the teacher as a suitable motto to aid him in governing his school. At another time I heard a chairman of a turbulent meeting resort to it to restore order after his gavel had proven ineffectual. Your own use of it is in a slightly different line, for the purpose of inculcating order in the conduct of personal affairs.

If this aphorism is original with Alexander Pope—and he certainly does not give the customary indication of having quoted it—how little could the poet have foreseen the perverted use which posterity would make of it!

Read the lines in which it occurs:

"Order is Heaven's first law; and this confessed,
Some are and must be greater than the rest."

"Order" is *here* gradation, rank; the order which the modern doctrine of evolution has shown to be, indeed, "Heaven's first law." It is not at all quietness, or orderliness, or any of the other common meanings of the word. It may well be doubted if these kinds of order are nature's choice. Certainly, her lack of that precision and regularity which are so much a part of the business man's creed is one of her greatest charms.

H. M. C.

—

Another Policeman who Reads

To the Editors of The Outlook:

Reading in your Spectator's experience with a policeman encourages me to write you of a recent conversation with one in Boston, and of the shock of surprise it gave me. Stopping casually to speak to him of an improvement by a street-widening, the conversation turned upon the responsibilities of officers and their temptations, when he remarked, to my astonishment, "If you want to know about corruption in cities, you should read Bryce's 'American Commonwealth.' You will need to get the three-volume English edition, because the American edition has been emasculated on account of a libel suit brought against the author by 'Oakey Hall'"! It occurred to me that possibly the officer could enlighten me on other topics, though I do not usually look to such a source for literary information.

W. P. A.

—

Early Settlements

To the Editors of The Outlook:

In connection with the very interesting letters recently published in your columns relative to the First Protestant church in America, it may be worth while to call attention to two early settlements in Maine. These, though they proved temporary, were intended for permanent settlements, and are not to be classed with the trading-posts and fishing-stations which were also there at a very early time.

In November, 1603, Henri IV., King of France and Navarre, appointed Sieur de Monts, gentleman of his bedchamber, Lieutenant-General of Acadia—"moved above all things," as declared in the letters patent, "by a peculiar zeal and a devout and firm resolution which we have taken with the aid and assistance of God, the author, distributer, and protector of all kingdoms and States—to cause to be converted, brought over, and instructed in Christianity, and in the belief and profession of our faith and religion, the people who inhabit that country." In the summer of 1604, Sieur de Monts, having explored the coast as far west as the Kennebec, planted a colony upon an island in the River St. Croix, now a part of Maine. There he constructed a fort and erected extensive buildings. It was commanded that all Indians converted to the Christian religion should be received into the Catholic faith, but De Monts and others of his companions, who were Huguenots, were, by special stipulation, protected in the freedom of their worship, and L'Escarbot, who accompanied the expedition, was a Huguenot lawyer. The next summer, owing principally to lack of a good supply of fresh water, the site was abandoned for Port Royal, further east.

The other early settlement was made at the mouth of the Sagadahoc (Androscoggin) River, in the same year of the Jamestown settlement, and under the same charter. Richard Seymour, a clergyman of the Church of England, was a member of this colony. They sailed from Plymouth, England, May 31, 1607. The 9th of August they landed on an island, which they called St. George. Here they held a religious service and a sermon was preached. "August 17th Capt. Popham in his pynnace, with thirty persons, and Capt. Gilbert in his long boat, with eighteen persons more, went early in the morning from thier shipps in the river Sachadehoc, to view the river and to search where they might find a fitt place for thier plantation."

"19th. They all went ashore where they had made choice of thier plantation, and where *they had a sermon delivered unto them by thier preacher*, and after the sermon the President's commission was read, with the laws to be observed and kept." "On the 5th of October, 1607, it being Sunday, Nahawanda and wife, Skidwarroes, Sasanow, the Bashaba's brother, were at Fort George; and President Popham 'took them to the place of public prayers,' which 'they attended morning and evening with great reverence and solemnity.'" Here we have not only a church, but a missionary church. Strachey says of this colony: "They fully finished the fort, trencht and fortifyed it with 12 pieces of ordnance, and built 50 houses therein, besides a *church* and a storehouse; and the carpenters framed a pretty Pinnace of about some 30 tonne, which they called the Virginia." Captain Popham died February 5, 1608, and was buried where Fort Popham now stands. Not long afterwards the settlement was broken up and most of the colonists returned to England, but there is a probability that a remnant remained and united with the later settlement at Pemaquid. It will be remembered that Samoset, the friendly chief who greeted the Plymouth colonists with the cry, "Welcome, Englishmen!" was Sachem of Pemaquid.

Is there not an ancient chronicle that reads: "All America is divided into three parts, one of which the Puritans inhabit; another, the Knickerbockers; and the third, they who in their own tongue are called the First Families of Virginia"?

C. E. P.

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Notes and Queries

1. I notice an inquiry as to a form of consecration of children without baptism. Such a form is to be found in an excellent manual published by the Rev. Martyn Summerbell, D.D., pastor of the Free Baptist Church in Lewiston, Maine—seat of Bates College, I believe. 2. Will some one kindly inform me where I can procure a map of New York State which would indicate best roads and routes for a bicycle tourist? W. T. B.

Another correspondent sends a printed form of consecration, which we will forward on receipt of "Young Pastor's" address.

"A. L. S." inquires for author of poem beginning—

"We took our work and went, you see,
To take a friendly cup of tea."

It is in Vol. II. of "The Family Pew," edited by the Rev. Isaac Taylor (publishers, Jackson, Walford & Hodder, 27 Paternoster Row, London, 1867), and forms a continuation of the poem "Recreation," by Jane Taylor. S. R.

"S. R." sends a copy of the poem, which we shall be pleased to send "A. L. S." on receipt of address.

Can you direct me where to send to get the several kinds of quarterlies for Sunday-school lessons? I refer to the Inductive, the Blakeslee, and others.

J. N. P.

Address the Bible Study Union, Bromfield Street, Boston, Mass.

The "not unfeared, half-welcome guest" of Whittier's "Snow-Bound" was Miss Harriet Livermore, of Plymouth, N. H., who was a woman of great energy, which found no suitable outlet. She taught, and at one time was much interested in working for the Indians. She published a strange collection of verses—hymns for the use of Indians—a copy of which I have, and I inclose a remarkable stanza taken from one of these hymns. Miss Livermore went afterward to the Holy Land, and was so erratic that she was considered unbalanced in mind, if not actually demented. Mr. Whittier's characterization of her, I have been told by those who knew her, is extremely just. The stanza referred to is as follows:

"Convert from sin and save from woe
The Osage, Choctaw, Creek, and Crow,
The Kickapoo and Kaw;
Mandan, Quapaw, and Shawahnee,
The Delaware, the Cherokee—
O teach them all thy law!"

S. H. W.

"He will not chide thee for thy sinful past,
Nor turn aside thy tempted soul," etc.

"J. B. R." will find these lines, asked for July 7, 1894, in "Weary One" (Soldiers' Soloist, Salvation Army, 1892). The author is Miss May Agnew, the Army's most expert writer in America, with the exception of Commander Booth. As musically arranged by her for the "Soloist," it is a beautiful religious hymn, and has already attained a wide popularity.

T. J. R.

Where can I find a poem by W. W. Story, entitled "Why Judas Betrayed his Master"?

L. F. B.

"F. J. H." will find the quotation from Longfellow beginning

"Rise, too, ye shapes and shadows of the past,"

in the third stanza of the prologue to "The New England Tragedies."

W.

Books Received

D. APPLETON & CO., NEW YORK

Kiely, Rev. John M. Occasional Sermons and Lectures. $1.

Kenealy, Arabella. Dr. Janet of Harley Street. $1.

McVickar, Henry G. The Purple Light of Love. 75 cts.

C. W. BARDEEN, SYRACUSE

Pestalozzi, Johann H. How Gertrude Teaches Her Children. Translated by Lucy E. Holland and Frances C. Turner. Edited by Ebenezer Cooke. $1.50.

BOARD OF EDUCATION, NEW YORK

Fifty-second Annual Report of the Board of Education of the City of New York for 1893.

GINN & CO., BOSTON

Lewis, Leo R. The National School Library of Song. No. 2.

Ruskin, John. Essays and Letters. $1.10.

LONGMANS, GREEN & CO., NEW YORK

Davidson, William L. Theism and Human Nature (Burnett Lectures for 1892 and 1893). $5.

Scholler, L. W. A Chapter of Church History from South Germany. Translated by W. Wallis. $1.25.

Lang, Andrew. Cock Lane and Common-Sense. $2.25.

Bradshaw, John. An English Anthology from Chaucer to Tennyson. $1.50.

MACMILLAN & CO., NEW YORK

Henderson, Ernest F. A History of Germany in the Middle Ages. $2.60.

THOMAS WHITTAKER, NEW YORK

Restarick, Rev. H. B. Lay Readers. $1.

Turner, Rev. William. Handbook of the Bible. $1.

F. T. NEELY, CHICAGO

Cobb, Thomas. The Disappearance of Mr. Derwent.

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS, NEW YORK

Otken, Charles H. The Ills of the South. $1.50.

Conway, Moncure D. Centenary History of the South Place Society. $2.

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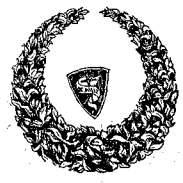

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Prepares for Government Academies, Universities, and Business. For Catalogues address
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The Cost of Peace

If "peace has her victories not less renowned than war," she has also, truly says the Louisville "Courier-Journal," her expenses. This is especially the case when peace is maintained upon the system, now prevalent in Europe, of making the whole territory a series of armed camps.

The enormous expense entailed by the military armaments of Europe is pretty well understood in a general way. Mr. M. G. Mulhall gives in the June number of the "North American Review" some figures in detail which tend to make the situation clearer. He compares the condition of Europe at the close of 1893 with the status in 1885. In these eight years there has been an increase of 21 per cent. in taxation, and 17 per cent. in public debt.

During the period mentioned the average annual revenue receipts have been 596,000,000 pounds sterling, and the expenditures 660,000,000; or, in our money, $2,980,000,000 and $3,300,000,000, an excess of expenditures of $320,000,000 per annum. In the same period the public debts have augmented 580,000,000 pounds, or $2,900,000,000. In other words, the increase of the public debt of Europe in eight years of peace exceeds the whole debt of this country at the close of the Civil War.

It is true that a part of this increase of debt is due to permanent improvements. Of the 580,000,000 pounds of debt, 36,000,000 were incurred for State railways and 16,000,000 for telegraphs, while 228 millions were for armaments. Even the railroads and telegraphs, however, were probably largely intended for use in case of war, and their net earnings are not sufficient to pay the interest on the money borrowed for their construction.

The strictly military expenses of Europe rose from $640,000,000 in 1884 to $730,000,000 in 1893, an increase of $90,000,000. Meanwhile, taxation for all purposes has increased from $2,685,000,000 in 1885 to $3,245,000,000 in 1893, or $560,000,000 per annum. As already observed, this frightful increase in taxation has not prevented an increase of nearly three billions in the public debts. The total debt of Europe is about three billions sterling, or fifteen billions of dollars.

Taxation, says Mr. Mulhall, has reached its limit. The people are paying to their Governments all that they can pay, and in some States they cannot meet the demands upon them. The public debts, however, go on increasing, so that the time when bankruptcy must arrive, without a change of conditions, becomes a mere problem in arithmetic.

It is worthy of notice that the armies and navies of the sixteen Continental countries of Europe cost not quite five times as much as our pension list, the former beng 146,000,000 pounds sterling, the latter $146,000,000. The United States, however, have the advantage of a much smaller public debt.

The enormous waste of these armaments, the vast burdens of taxation, the number of men withdrawn from productive industry, present a very perplexing problem. It is small wonder that all parts of the civilized world are suffering from business depression.

Cuttan Thrust—That young Dumleigh has got more money than sense. Dulham Bluntly—I didn't know he was rich. Cuttan Thrust—He isn't.—*Puck.*

Frances and her papa had a few squares to go, and the latter asked: "Frances, shall we walk, or take the street-cars?" "Well, papa," replied the little girl, "I'll walk if you'll carry me."—*Harper's Bazar.*

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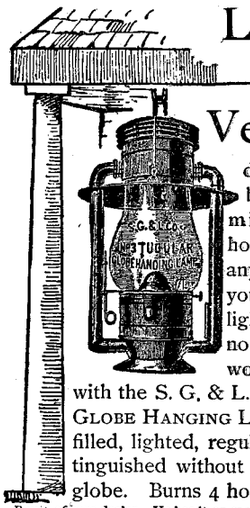

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New Series of The Christian Union

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About People

—Of the nineteen lieutenant-generals of the Confederate army the only survivors are Generals Gordon, Longstreet, Wheeler, and Wade Hampton.

—The unhappy Carlotta, ex-Empress of Mexico, still lives at the Château de Bouchout, near Meysse, Belgium. Her insanity grows worse, and she no longer recognizes her sister-in-law, the Queen of Belgium, whose presence has always soothed her. Even the announcement of the marriage of her favorite niece, the Princess Josephine, daughter of the Count of Flanders, had no effect upon her. Few persons are allowed to approach her, as the presence of a disliked or unknown person always makes her tremble, and thus increases her malady.

—The late Lord Chief Justice of England was the only person who ever had the honor of sitting with the Justices of our Supreme Court at Washington during an argument. Lord Coleridge appreciated the privilege so much that he had his portrait painted and sent it to Washington, where it hangs in the robing-room of the Court. On the lower rim frame is this inscription: "Respectfully presented to the Judges of the Supreme Court at Washington by the Lord Chief Justice of England, in grateful memory of the honor conferred on him on the 19th of October, 1883."

—The Hon. Frederick F. Low, ex-Governor of California, who has just died, was a native of Maine, and received a mercantile training in Boston. In 1849 he caught the gold fever, went to California, and became a successful miner. In 1860 the Republicans sent him to Congress, and from 1863 to 1864 he was Governor of the State. But it was afterwards, as United States Minister to China, that Governor Low more particularly distinguished himself, for, after the massacre of missionaries at Tientsin, he actually forced the Emperor finally to recognize the dignity of foreign Ministers, and he was one of the five envoys first admitted into the Emperor's presence. For his services on behalf of Roman Catholic missions Mr. Low was publicly thanked by the Pope.

—Mr. Ainsworth Rand Spofford, the Librarian of Congress, is the son of a missionary pastor, and was born in 1825 at Gilmanton, N. H. When just ready for college his health failed, and he went to Cincinnati, Ohio, where he became a bookseller and publisher. Later he became associate editor of the Cincinnati "Commercial." In 1861 he was appointed Assistant Librarian of Congress, and in 1864 Librarian-in-Chief. At that time our National library possessed 70 000 volumes. It has now 680;000. Since the change in the law of copyright Mr. Spofford's position has doubled in importance. All American copyrights are issued from his office, and the law requires all copyright publications to be deposited in the Congressional Library.

—M. Godefroi Cavaignac, whose income-tax bill has just been defeated in the French Chamber, and has indirectly brought about such an overwhelming vote of confidence in the Government, is a son of that illustrious General Cavaignac who, after the dethronement of Louis Philippe, became Chief Executive of France. Cavaignac *père* saved his country from anarchy, but the French forgot his services long enough to be redazzled by the bearer of a great name, and elected instead Louis Napoleon to the Presidency. Cavaignac *fils* is a proud, Spartan-like man, upon whom the lessons of history and of ancestry have made their mark. It is related that when he was a young man in college, he was once called forward to receive a prize from the hands of the Prince Imperial. Cavaignac arose, and, without going forward, shouted "*Vive la République!*" and sat down again.

—Rudolf von Bennigsen, the leader of the National Liberals in Germany, has just celebrated his seventieth birthday. He was born in 1824 at Lüneburg, and is the son of a Hanoverian officer. Rudolf studied law at the University of Göttingen, and belonged to the same corps of which, some years before, Herr Studiosus Otto von Bismarck was a member. In those days Göttingen was justly indignant at the enforced retirement of the famous seven university professors—namely, Ewald, Gervinus, Weber, Jacob and Wilhelm Grimm, Albrecht, and Dahlmann. Bennigsen followed the example of Gervinus and left Göttingen for pleasanter Heidelberg. Afterwards he entered the service of the still too-feudalized State, but his liberal views were so strong that he resigned his position. He founded the Nationalverein, which grew rapidly to a membership of twenty thousand, the nucleus of the National Liberal party. No statesman in the German Reichstag has ever challenged greater confidence than Rudolf von Bennigsen.

A clerical correspondent of one of the Church papers relates that a certain prelate had great difficulty in suppressing his laughter at the consecration of a church the other day, owing to the device on one of the school banners which was carried in the procession before the service. This banner was adorned with a very fierce-looking lion, with terrible claws and teeth, while underneath him was the legend, "Suffer little children to come unto me!"—*London Truth.*

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The Business World

Wheat, Sugar, and Gold

The general market of the past week was influenced by four prime events. Wheat now sells nearly as low as corn, and a rate for September wheat almost down to fifty cents affects every department of business. Secondly, the condition of sugar has certainly reached the boiling-point. The securities of the American Refining Company oscillated up and down last week, according to the varying news from Washington, and furnished employment, if not profit, for many speculators in that city and in New York. It would be interesting to know how many fortunes have been made out of "sugar" during the tariff debate—a hardly disinterested debate, as the investigation has already shown. The astounding statement of the Reorganization Committee of the Atchison system (based on the examination of the company's books by Mr. Stephen Little, the expert accountant), that "during the period from July, 1889, the date of the last reorganization, to December, 1893, the date of the appointment of the receivers, the income of the company has, in his (Mr. Little's) opinion, been overstated in an aggregate amounting to $7,000,000," was also not without its natural effect, even though judgment must needs be suspended. But the event of the past week which has perhaps called forth most comment has been the unexpectedly heavy gold export of over $5,000,000, and the consequent reduction of the United States Treasury gold reserve to a lower point than has been reached since the establishment of that reserve. Foreign exchange now stands at $4.87½ to $4.88 for sixty-day bills, and $4.89 to $4.89½ for sight. There is no change in the domestic money market. Call money loans at 1 per cent., and time quotations range from 1 per cent. for thirty days to 3 per cent. for six months. Mercantile paper is quoted at 3 per cent. for sixty to ninety day bills receivable. The changes in the weekly statement of the New York City banks included a disappointing decrease of a million dollars in loans, a decrease of about three millions and a half in cash resources, and one of over five millions in deposits. The reserve held in excess of legal requirements has now declined to $71,900,000.

Iron and Steel

The American Iron and Steel Association makes an impressive report for the half-year just ended. The total production of pig iron in the United States was only 2,700,000 tons, as compared with 4,500,000 tons during the first half of 1893. Massachusetts, Minnesota, Indiana, and North Carolina, which made pig iron then, made none at all during the past six months; while in Connecticut, Missouri, Oregon, Texas, and Maryland the production has been only nominal. Indeed, not since 1885 has so little pig iron been made in this country, nor has there been a time in the modern history of the American iron trade when there were so few iron furnaces in blast as at the close of the first six months of the present year. There were only about a hundred in blast to four times that number out of blast. Pennsylvania naturally comes first in the output of pig iron, quadrupling the amount from any other State. Ohio comes next, followed by Alabama, Illinois, New York, Virginia, Tennessee, Michigan, Wisconsin, and Maryland. As to steel, the decline from the first six months of 1893 was about one-fifth in the production of steel ingots, and about two-fifths in the production of steel rails of all weights and sections, including street rails. In no year since 1879 have we made so few steel rails. In production Pennsylvania again leads overwhelmingly, and followed at a too respectful distance by Illinois and Ohio. As to any revival in iron and steel, the "American Manufacturer" says: "The improvement in the iron and steel trade which so many predict, and for which all hope, will come when railroads begin to be liberal purchasers, when builders of cars, bridges, engines, and boilers get to work, and the agricultural interests present something like their old-time requirements. For months prices have been on the bed-rock. Plans of new work and estimates made when the depression came have been dust-covered, but still there is no move." Several thousand miners are still holding out in Ohio, Indiana, and Alabama against rates agreed upon in conference, and thus trade is additionally depressed. Throughout the Pittsburg district the iron and steel industries are temporarily hampered for lack of coke, which of course restricts production.

Silk Manufacture in the United States

As recently noticed in The Outlook, the present Congress, though it has reduced the duty on foreign silks, has endeavored to offset this by establishing five experimental stations for the cultivation of raw silk. These stations are to be under the control of the Department of Agriculture. Half of our importation of raw silk now comes from Japan, a quarter from China, and a quarter from Europe. Many think that in time southern California will be a great producer of raw silk, but that State has shown but little growth, silk being so easily and cheaply obtained from Japan. In the Eastern States, notably New Jersey, New York, Pennsylvania, and Connecticut, the development of the silk manufacture has been remarkable. Mr. Doherty, a well-known manufacturer of Paterson, N. J., said recently: "Thirty years ago there were only five or six weavers in Paterson. Now there are thousands of looms. . . . There is a population of 110,000 where twenty years ago there were only 30,000." The total value of the United States' silk product is over $90,000,000. Between 1880 and 1890 the increase in capital invested was 166 per cent. The reduction of the duty will, it is declared by those in the trade, check a continuance of any such increase. As to other countries, England does not produce half of the manufactured silk used there. Contrariwise, Italy produces a tenth more than she uses, France twice as much as her own needs demand, and Switzerland three times as much as her hardy and frugal people require.

The New York and Philadelphia Trolley

Mr. Magowan, of Trenton, N. J., the President of the Central New Jersey Traction Company, has paid to the State Treasurer the amount required as a deposit under the railroad law of New Jersey, has filed surveys and routes, and has secured a charter for the New York and Philadelphia Traction Company, of which he is also President. This company is to have a $10,000,000 capital, and will control 150 miles of electric road. Seventy miles of local lines in different towns are to be merged into the system. Work will be commenced at Trenton, and will be prosecuted in both directions. At Paterson, N. J., connection will be made with the trolley system of that town, and the road will pass thence through Upper Montclair, Montclair, Bloomfield, Orange, East Orange, West Orange, South Orange, Springfield, Westfield, Fanwood, Netherwood, Plainfield, Dunellen, Bound Brook, Millstone, Princeton, and Lawrenceville to Trenton. From here the trolley will connect the towns on the line of the Pennsylvania Railway as far as Frankford, from which place existing lines will be used into Philadelphia. Branch lines will run from Bloomfield, N. J., to Caldwell and Irvington. At the latter town connection will be made with the lines of the Consolidated Traction Company into Newark. Branch lines will also run to Chatham, Madison, and Morristown, and to Perth Amboy, Woodbridge, Elizabeth, Rahway, Raritan, Somerville, and New Brunswick. An interesting feature of the enterprise is the contemplated production of power needed to operate a large portion of the line from the falls in the Delaware River. Still more interesting is it to note that from a local and almost visionary affair, as it seemed to many, the "long-distance" trolley is taking on inter-State proportions, and in time may become a serious competitor with the "accommodation train" and the suburban service of the railways throughout the country.

Our Relations with Cuba

It is reported that a Paris firm has just loaned fifteen million dollars to the municipality of Havana. Thus the debts to the Banco Español and other obligations ought to be speedily settled. The five millions remaining will be devoted to the sanitary improvement of the capital, so it is said. In this connection it is not without interest to note that our own commercial relations with the Queen of the Antilles have been gratifyingly strengthened during the past few years. In 1891 our exports were about $12,000,000; now they are double that amount. Yet the balance of trade is still largely against us. Of course we depend upon Cuba for sugar, importing sometimes $60,000,000 worth a year. Our exports to the island are mostly breadstuffs and provisions. Wood and woodwork represent only an eighth, and coal, iron, hardware, and machinery only a quarter, of the total exports. Between 1891 and 1894 Cuba furnished one-third of the entire cane-sugar production of the world. Cane cultivation and grinding, the treatment of the juice and the transportation, require much machinery, most of which should come from the United States. Our other imports from Cuba consist mostly of molasses and tobacco. If the day should ever come when Cuba attains commercial disenthrallment from Spain and commercial alliance with this country, the conditions of general trade will be greatly helped.

The Simplon Tunnel

At last a contract has been made and approved for the Simplon Tunnel between Switzerland and Italy. The greatest difficulties to be conquered will be the fall on the Italian side—about one in forty-two—and the high temperature of the mountain's interior, the latter objection perhaps being overcome by constructing a shaft eighteen hundred feet deep. The tunnel will be about eleven miles long, and will cost between twenty and twenty-five million dollars if built according to the first plan and with a double line of rails. If built on another level and with but one line, the cost would be greatly reduced. Possible financial success is found in the fact that loans seem to be floated in Switzerland better than elsewhere in Europe. It is reported that the subscriptions to the recent Swiss Federal Loan of four million dollars amount to nearly nineteen times the amount offered.

Working Days

The average number of working days in various countries, according to the London "Engineer," is as follows: In Russia, 267; in England, 278; in Spain, 290; in Austria, 295; in Italy, 298; in Bavaria and Belgium, 300; in Saxony and France, 302; in Denmark, Norway, and Switzerland, 303; in Prussia, 305; in Holland and North America, 308; and in Hungary, 312.

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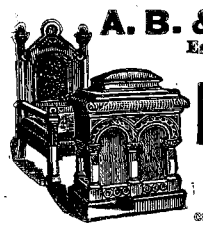

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Good Deeds

Where the Lehigh Valley Railroad plunges down a ninety-six-foot grade to Warrior Run station a woman's hand recently averted a terrible disaster, says the New York "Herald."

Margaret McDonald is a station agent at Warrior Run, and is nineteen years old.

Few trains stop at the little station under the mountain, but the passenger express, which was due there at eleven o'clock, got its brakes down in answer to the agent's signal. There was an invalid passenger bound from the Run to Buffalo, and the train stopped.

As the train hands carried the invalid out from the little station there was a dull rumble far up the mountain. They did not hear it, but the girl agent did, and in that instant she realized that a train was thundering down the grade, while the express stood motionless in its path. At a bound she was beside the nearest brakeman. "Train on the grade!" she shouted in his ear. "Run back and flag it." He dashed up the mountain at full speed, but before he had fairly started Miss McDonald had ordered the other trainmen to set down the invalid passenger and jump to their posts.

The thunder up the grade was louder now, and as they turned the men on the platform saw an engine flying down the mountain. The engineer of the express, obeying the girl's orders, opened wide his throttle, and the express pulled out of Warrior Run. "At full speed!" she shouted after the terrified engineer, and before the passengers had realized their danger they were flying into the night, with the runaway engine in pursuit.

The express had a little start, but the pursuing engine had twice its speed, and a disastrous rear-end collision seemed inevitable. The runaway locomotive dashed by Warrior Run station.

The express sped on into the night at ever-increasing speed. The spectators waited in horror. It was not long. In a few minutes the runaway engine reappeared and backed into Warrior Run, with the welcome news that Miss McDonald's presence of mind had given the express a sufficient start to avert disaster, by however narrow a margin.

The engine overtook the express three-quarters of a mile down the valley, but the express had gained such headway then that the shock was almost imperceptible. The engine had been standing on a siding half-way up the mountain, and its driver followed the express, supposing it would run past Warrior Run as usual. He could never have stopped in time to avoid telescoping the stalled train. Margaret McDonald is a heroine now as well as a station agent.

She is about the only girl station agent along the line of the Lehigh Valley Railroad. When her brother left, she applied for the position. While waiting to get a man agent the company allowed her to run the office, and so well did she attend to the duties that she has since been made the regular agent. The station is a most important one, being at the foot of the heavy mountain grade, where the single track converges into the many which lead to this city.

Some three years ago a boy of twelve years of age, named Frederick Wright Peck, and a pupil at School No. 87, New York City, after continually loaning his own books to the other boys, thought out, quite by himself, the idea of founding a small circulating library at the school, and put the plan into practical execution. The day before Christmas, 1891, while carrying gifts to his poorer classmates, he caught cold, which developed into that dread and too often fatal disease, pneumonia. On his death-bed, this unselfish boy, whose short life had been wholly spent in doing good to his friends, bequeathed all of his savings to the Principal of School No. 87 to be the nucleus of a fund for founding a larger library. That small sum has grown until it is now $4,000—a fit memorial to a noble little life.

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